

The TATLER

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London, January 27, 1932

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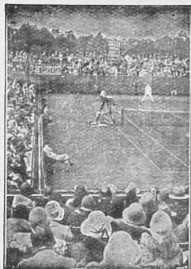
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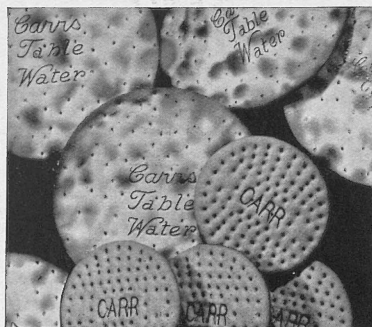


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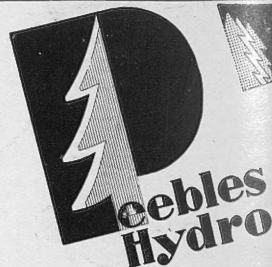
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The TATTLER

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Arthur Owen

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF JERSEY AND MRS. KENNETH RICHARDS AT OSTERLEY

As soon as they got back from their honeymoon at Sidmouth Lord and Lady Jersey left for Australia with Mrs. Kenneth Richards, Lady Jersey's mother. Lady Jersey has not seen her father for ten years. He has a station—which means a big estate—at Cootamundra, New South Wales. The wedding only took place on January 12 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Osterley is one of Lord Jersey's seats



AT THE PYTCHLEY PONY CLUB MEETING AT ALTHORP

Lord Spencer's house in the heart of the White Collar Hunt country was a first-class rendezvous for the recent Pony Club meeting, one of those functions which do so much in the way of instructing the Young Idea in equitation and fox-hunting. In this group, left to right, are: Lady Spencer, Mrs. Scott-Robson, Lord Spencer, Mrs. Ronald Henderson, and, in front, Lavender Scott-Robson

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
OH dear, how dull things are just now. Concerts and cinema parties seem to be the principal entertainment. However, the Abdys have been over to encourage us, paying one of their periodical flying visits to Emerald Lady Cunard. Now that her permanent home is in Paris her friends have far too few opportunities of seeing Sir Robert Abdy's wife who, as Lady Diana Bridgeman, was easily the most popular girl in London a year or two ago.

I wonder if she misses her hunting. She used to adore it, and threw her heart gaily over the largest obstacles. One of these, Creslow Brook in the Whaddon country, was nearly fatal to her, but luckily Sir Richard Cruise was at hand to pull her out and administer artificial respiration. It was touch and go though, I believe.

Of course, the artistic side of life in Paris must appeal strongly



THE HON. ROBERT AND MRS. GURDON

The Hon. Mrs. Gurdon, who was the Hon. Yoskyl (Daisy) Pearson, is Lord and Lady Cowdray's eldest daughter, and the Hon. Robert Gurdon is Lord and Lady Cranworth's only son. Their wedding, one of the most notable Society happenings of this year of grace so far, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Wednesday last, and at least three-quarters of Society were there

The Letters of Eve



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MRS. JAMES MONTAGUE AND HER DAUGHTER AND SON, ANNE AND ROBIN

On the day the Cottesmore met at Oxhey village. These hounds have been showing terrific sport this season, and Mr. Chatty Hilton-Green, who started to learn the job as Master of the Eton Beagles, has added even greater lustre to his already brilliant reputation as an amateur huntsman

to Lady Diana, she having, as you know, considerable talent in that direction. She is a poet, too, and had some verses published when her contemporaries were still more or less at the pot-hook stage.

Miss "Liz" Eliot's cocktail party in Gloucester Place went well in a quiet way last Wednesday. Her parents were absentees, but Mrs. Eliot had thoughtfully left lots of very good things behind.

The hostess (in red) and her fiancé, Mr. "Tommy" James, spent some time in explaining their new project for making Sunday afternoons more palatable. One of the proposed entertainments necessitates the luring of Mr. John Paget on to a soap-box in Hyde Park, whence he is to flood the defenceless crowd with oratory. I believe the address rehearsal has already taken place and was very lively.

Miss Olivia James was discussing the super-stition against Lenten weddings (her brother's is to be in April) with that intrepid rider and traveller, Mr. Henry Cavendish. And one of our younger churchwardens aired his views too.

House-parties for the young are the thing this winter. I hear of a very successful one given by Sir John and Lady Dashwood at which several of next season's most promising débutantes made a preliminary appearance. Lady Dashwood herself must have set them all a shining example of finished elegance, and let's hope they profited by it. She is one of the few women I know who can really get away with the new pork-pie headgear, this early Victorian affair being very hard on the average face.

Talking of young girls, Mrs. Leo de Rothschild's eighteen-year-old daughter is one of the lucky ones. She has just been left a place in Norfolk by Lady Battersea. The Pleasaunce is its agreeable name, and it's said to be one of the most beautiful houses in that part of the world. As Miss de Rothschild's own home is in Hampshire it looks as if she's going to be an asset to the railways unless she decides against much to-and-froing.

Dived down to Somerset for a Saturday with the Sparkford Vale Harriers, and great fun it was. Perhaps rather too much on the little and often principle to be considered a really good day, but we had any amount of leaping.

Should you ever find yourself crossing that country, don't be misled by the apparent innocence of those Blackmore Vale fences, or like Jane (after jelly) you may go to bed with a pain in your head. Oftener than not they conceal a wide expanse of water, so it's better to leave nothing to chance.

Miss Jenner, Sir Walter Jenner's only daughter, has taken over the Mastership of the Harriers this season, and is doing it awfully well. It's a great thing always to be able to say the right thing at the right moment, isn't it? She rides astride, and the general effect is absolutely super. Such an admirably fitting green coat, my dear, and breeches and boots of the highest standard. I don't wonder Sir Walter looks rather proud.



AT THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER TRIALS: MR. D'ARCY TAYLOR, LORD KNUTSFORD, AND THE HON. FREDERICK BARING

A group at Idsworth, Horndean, Hampshire, last week at the twenty-fifth Field Trials of the Labrador Retriever Club



Victor Hey

In a sea of strange faces it was pleasant to encounter Major and Mrs. Phipps-Hornby; also the former's very nice sister, Mrs. Gough. Lord Bayford and his elder daughter were out too. She, I noticed, was being employed by several people as a very special messenger to convey good wishes to her sister Dorothy, who has just got engaged.

One always appreciates a view of Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley—I should say Lady Mount Temple, particularly when she looks as pleased with life as she does just now. She seems wedded to scarlet or emerald green o' nights, and always carries an immense ostrich feather fan to match.

Such a pity that fans seem to have gone out completely now. They are so becoming, though not too easy to wield gracefully. However, Lady Mount Temple manages hers with the expertness she brings to all her undertakings.

How wonderfully versatile she is, and I suppose Broadlands, her lovely Georgian home in Hampshire (genuine Holland, you know) is about one of the best-run houses in England. She is a great believer in having everything cut and dried, and it used to be the rule (and still is, for

all I know), that every potential week-end guest received a printed post card reading something like this: "You will leave Waterloo at such and such a time. The car will meet you. Dinner is at 8.30. Don't ring the bell more than once; the servants are well trained. There is a good train to London on Monday morning at 10.30." Could forthought go further?

Canadians evidently do not feel as we do here, that we should "stay put" for a while, and not go wandering about the world, unless, of course, it is to beat a record, a retreat, or what not. This I gather from a letter just received which tells of lots of lucky people who have embarked on various exciting trips. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart, whose lovely estate in British Columbia is a show place, have gone to Indo-China with their daughter, Mrs. Ross. One of their calls will be on the King and Queen of Siam, who were in Canada last autumn, when Mr. and Mrs. Butchart entertained them. Mr. Randolph Bruce, who used to be Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia has gone round the world, and the Fyfe-Smith's are browsing about in the Orient, taking Miss Elizabeth Bickerfield with them.

(Continued overleaf)
a72



AT SUNNY PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

A group of well-known people who were said to be out shopping when the camera barrage got them. Left to right are: Mrs. John Barry Ryan, daughter of Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, Mrs. John C. O. Marriott, née Kahn, and the Grand Duke Dmitri's wife, the Princess Iliinski. Mr. Otto Kahn is the world-famous banker and also an author of some good books on Economics and Finance

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Vancouver is a glorious alternative for those who want to avoid the winter without going too far from home. Mrs. William Carter from New Brunswick is one of the most popular people



MISS DIANA MAUGHAM AND HER
FIANCE, MR. MARR JOHNSON

Whose marriage takes place on January 30 at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Mr. Justice Maugham's daughter and her future husband were among those who attended the "christening" party given by Mr. Godfrey Winn on the day his new novel, "The Unequal Conflict," was published. More pictures of this event will appear in next week's issue

Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley spent Christmas with the Governor-General and Lady Bessborough, and came in for their New Year's Ball. For this, quantities of dinner-parties were arranged, a few of the hostesses being Mrs. W. Foster Wilson, Mrs. David Gilmour, Mrs. A. C. Hardy, and Mrs. Cruickshank.

Other English visitors to Ottawa about that time were Dame Rachel Crowdy, staying with her brother, and Captain Victor Blundell and his charming wife, who was Miss Helen Guthrie, indigenous to the country.

Northern snow sports unluckily came to an abrupt end, the hopes of many enthusiasts melting in the general thaw. Entertaining plans had also to be cancelled, except by those with birds and beasts for their friends to aim at. Howick in Northumberland has been the goal of quite a lot of people since Christmas, for Lord and Lady Grey have had shooting parties there. Sir Ian and Lady Colquhoun of Luss, with some of their family, Major Rex Benson, Mr. David Lubbock, and Lord Dunglass have all been trying their skill.

Lady Molly and Lady Elizabeth Grey as extra hostesses are good at this as at everything else they put their minds to. Lady Molly, in particular, is most talented, and when Howick was burnt down some years ago she undertook the complete redecoration of the new building. Musical, too, and plays the piano beautifully. Only suggest a tune and she'll play it off by ear, so the new music society, lately formed in London, is lucky to have her as one of its directors.

People are very much inclined to think that amateur musicians are extinct in these days when tunes literally come out of taps, but there really are quite a few outstanding ones. Luckily

enjoying the love's climate there. General and Mrs. McRae and their daughter, Mrs. Walter Selegman, had a most amusing party one night in their swimming pool at Hycroft, and a *bal masqué* on New Year's Eve, so it all sounds very gay and giddy, doesn't it?

Nassau seems to be the place to go to, especially if you live in Eastern Canada. Sir Frederick and Lady Williams Taylor have a house there; Major and Mrs. John Sifton, Mrs. Macdougall, and Major and Mrs. Brock of Toronto all intend to finish the winter in this attractive place.

Ottawa has, of course, been the hub of activity, with Government House in full commission.

mediocre melody-making need no longer be tolerated, and there is no question of "now play your other piece, dear," whilst a reluctant audience writhes. Once hear Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck's fingers lure music from the piano or see Mr. Edward Sackville-West construe a complicated score at sight and tinned tones, however good, no longer appeal.

Mrs. Harry Fenwick's skill is also out of the ordinary, and she keeps it up by constant practice.

Things you might want to know: Lady Bridgett Poulett is now several up on Miss Margaret Whigham, having had those famous features filmed. See if you can find her in *Service for Ladies*, the result of twelve trips to Elstree. Mrs. Henry Booker is in the picture, too.

The marriage fine at the Bachelor's has been reduced to five guineas. At one time it was a hundred.

The bridge section of Nash's Club, run by Miss "Gilly" Grant, is giving a great success, and it's an education to watch Lady Hicks playing an abandoned no trump.

Captain Roger Peake and Miss Nancy Pritchard can hardly have known that they had such quantities of friends until they saw them all gathered at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Most heartening it must be to start matrimony with so many people wishing you well. The bridegroom is extra fond of hunting, so lots of his Leicestershire friends came up for the day. For the tiny bridesmaids there was, of course, no colour like red. This particularly young entry behaved exceedingly well and no riot disturbed the proceedings.

As neither of the chief contestants is especially old, the large congregation was pretty youthful, too. Quite one of its most admirable ingredients was Mrs. Johnnie Player in a small black Glengarry with diamond brooch in inverse ratio. Mrs. Alex Wilson wore, with success, that difficult colour, violet. It's either extra good or simply awful, and you must know that she was well on the right side or, with my charming nature, I wouldn't have mentioned it! Mrs. George Barker came with her mother, Lady Kesteven, and looked most French and chic. Nothing unpatriotic about this, it just happens she puts on her clothes so well.

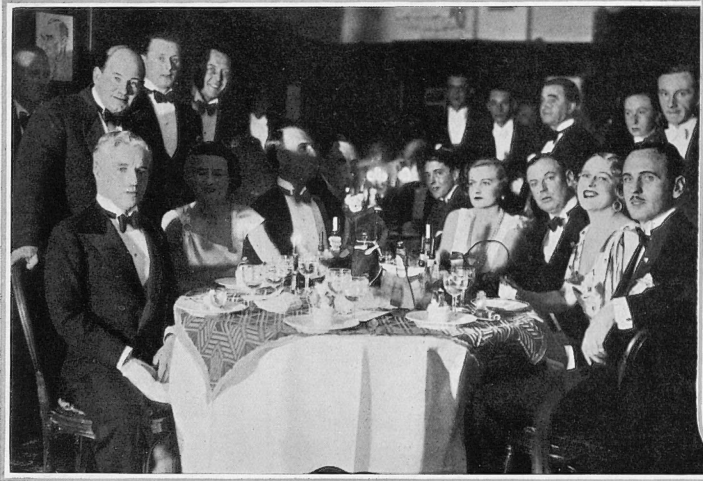
I don't know what plans you have for Shrove Tuesday, but Lady Alexander has asked me to remind you that the Lion Ball takes place that night at the Mayfair Hotel. The British Empire Union's annual prancing party is always "a good thing and memorable," but this year several new notions are afoot. One is to start the evening with dinner. Then Sir Guy Domville, Captain Jack Dalton, and two other experts are to show how English contract bridge should be played. The 30s. tickets will include everything, even champagne at dinner, so book yours early from the B.E.U.—180, Piccadilly.—Ever, EVE.



PLAYING THE RACE GAME

Captain and Mrs. Fitzgerald at Newbury last week. A shadow was cast over the day's racing by the fatal accident to West Indies Captain R. E. Sassoon's brilliant mare, for which he gave £5,000

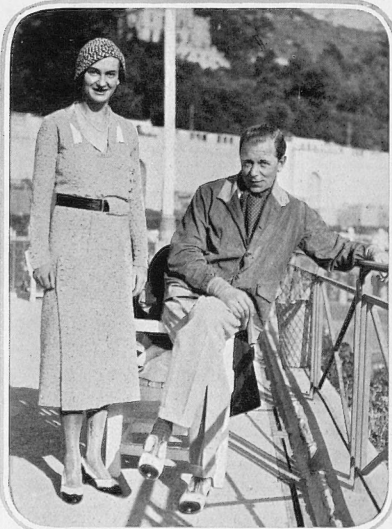
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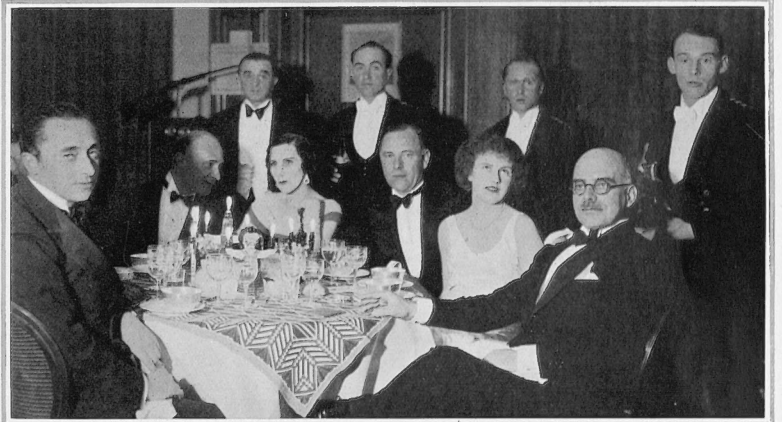
AN ALPINE CABARET DINNER AT ST. MORITZ: Included in the group, left to right, are: Mr. Charles Chaplin, Miss Mary Reeves, Mr. Harry Morgan, Miss Bunting Stephenson, Mr. Hubert Martineau, Mrs. Woolley-Hart, and Mr. Allan Johnson



AT CAP FERRAT: Mrs. Brown-Potter, Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Miss Edna May), and a friend



AT MONTE CARLO: Mr. and Mrs. "Nicky" Kasterine



AT ST. MORITZ: Included in this group, left to right, are: Mr. Henry Morgan, Lady Furness, Mme. D'Avila de Peña, Major Thompson, Miss Peggy Salaman, and Mr. Henry Fairhurst



ALSO AT ST. MORITZ: A group including Mr. Cecil Latta, Princess Imeretinsky, Mr. Dickens Gold, and Mme. Andrée Hesnard

The three St. Moritz groups—one at the top and two at the bottom right—were at an Alpine cabaret dinner recently given at the Carlton, St. Moritz, by Mrs. Woolley-Hart, the noted London hostess, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Martineau, also of London. The key-note was simplicity—candle-light and toys on artificial snowdrifts instead of expensive flowers. It was considered the most cheery and original party for years, and among the guests were Mme. de Peña, the Rumanian Minister and Mme. Titulescu, Mr. Charles Chaplin, and Miss Peggy Salaman. In the Cap Ferrat picture are two famous American actresses who have made a good deal of history—the beautiful Cora Urquhart Brown-Potter and Edna May. Mr. and Mrs. "Nicky" Kasterine, who are both lawn-tennis fans, were at that popular spot, the Country Club at Monte

The Cinema : Two Bright Particular Stars

By JAMES AGATE

FRAIL WOMEN, at the Leicester Square Theatre, is not by any means to be dismissed as just one of those British films! It quite definitely begins to be something, and if it cannot truthfully be said to amount to very much in the end, the blame is to be laid at the door of the plot-provider. If the photography is only passable, the casting and the acting are positively brilliant, almost wastefully brilliant. For it is surely sheer waste to give Mr. Frank Pettingell an appearance as a Scotch stock-broker which lasts less than fifty seconds, Mr. Miles Malleon very little longer to deploy his genius for character in the part of a marriage registrar, and Mr. Herbert Lomas something under five minutes of awed, obeisant lawyerdom. These three good actors deserve much more of our regard. The lawyer's purpose was to stave off a young lady (Miss Margaret Vines) and her unmarried mother (Miss Mary Newcomb) who were encroaching upon the family of a noble lord (Mr. Athole Stewart). This last was the type of just Englishman who rises after breakfast and says, "Is that *The Times*? I thank you!" Which in this film he actually does. All is well with the nobleman's daughter, who is engaged to a well-to-do gentleman (Mr. Owen Nares). It is the son (Mr. Frederick Paisley) who is troublesome, for this son insists upon preferring the love-child to that pig-sticking life in Burma for which his father has designed him. Meanwhile, the girl's mother is living with a book-maker (Mr. Edmund Gwenn), and appears to be perfectly in her element, if a little bad-tempered about it. Then the blow falls. The well-to-do gentleman takes an interest in the thwarted romance, and his reward is the discovery that the book-maker's mistress was a war-time romance of his own, and that he is, in point of fact, the girl's father. The film has been generally castigated for this improbability. But I have known coincidence to show an even longer arm, and it is not perhaps crazily impossible that a lady who has been one's mistress eighteen years earlier should turn out to be the mother of the girl who is beloved by the brother of one's betrothed!

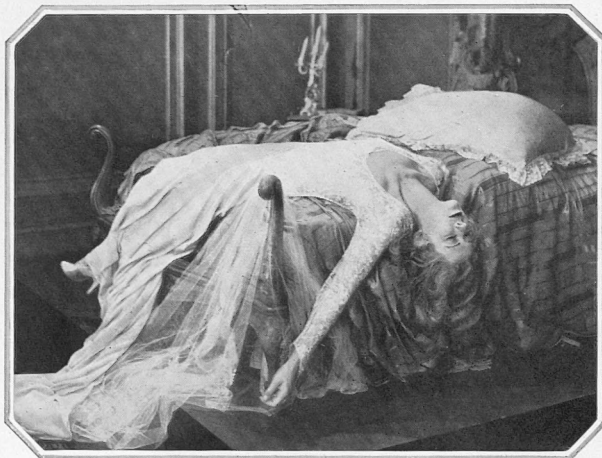
As the lady herself rather harshly puts it, commenting on the muddle: "There are plenty of kids with dead heroes for fathers—only they don't know!" Mr. Nares, to remedy matters, mentions the Legitimacy Act. The legitimising over, the belated bride rushes off and rather inconsequently places her head in her gasoven! All because she assumes her new husband to have been engaged to the pretty girl whose photograph adorns his bed-room.

This tale, as has already been suggested, is magnificently propped up by the acting. Mr. Gwenn makes the book-maker, who is incidentally the only respect-worthy person in the piece's horizon, gloriously and magnanimously vulgar. Miss Vines is a very promising primrose, and Mr. Nares gently jumps at his few opportunities. But the film belongs to Miss Mary Newcomb, an actress who, if she progresses like this, will be sending even La Chatterton to inspect her laurels. For this is fine playing. There is a delicacy and finesse about every gesture, shrug, gaze, and utterance of this performance which makes us loathe that which we have so long tolerated in the normal Normas, Nadas, and Nitas. This actress suggests innumerable subtleties in a not very subtly conceived character, and there is never question of her shrinking from the woman's unpleasant suggestions. My esteemed colleague of the newspaper already mentioned in a different connection has said that "Miss Newcomb glitters with an agate-like hardness and cynicism"; I don't

think I like that! But, quite seriously, this artist has achieved in this film far more than any producer could have expected or would have thought of demanding. Immediately before *Frail Women* I saw enough of a production called *Pagan Lady* to convince me that I should hate to see any more of it. In those ten barely tolerable minutes Miss Evelyn Brent said "Yep!" three times, remarked to a "tough guy" whom she was abandoning: "We'd be sure to have a bust-up sooner or later!" and after a minute or two of elopement with a second "tough guy" remarked to him in turn: "Gosh, what a wash-out I'd be as your wife!" This last sentiment was occasioned by the flying couple overhearing a pastor's sermon at the open door of his chapel! The two separating on the spot, the young woman decided to go off by herself. But the first "tough guy" came running, pulled her out of her departing train, and took her back unto him. Whereat the astonishing thing concluded.

I confess to having enjoyed every moment of *The Cheat* at the Carlton Theatre, for the sufficient reason that this film is exceedingly good of its kind. The fact that the kind is not a particularly good one, is, in fact, distinctly low, is the last thing that ever occurs to anybody who is enjoying himself in that kind. It would be difficult to invent a more commonplace

story than that of *The Cheat*. Mrs. Carlisle, wife to Mr. Carlisle, a puller-off of deals, wildly spends in frocks more than her husband earns, on the top of which she must have gambling debts for 10,000 dollars. There is also one Livingstone, a Portuguese Jew, or something of the sort, who, being an African explorer, naturally wears Japanese costume, is attended by Japanese servants, and has a house fitfully provided with alcoves for vice. He will give Mrs. Carlisle the 10,000 dollars, and in return she will surrender that which Livingstone obviously prices above rubies. Then Carlisle pulls off a deal, his wife pays her debt in cash and not in kind, Livingstone brands her left bosom with a red-hot iron, she shoots him, her husband says he did it, barristers argue it, and of course at the right moment the bosom



MAE CLARKE IN "FRANKENSTEIN" AT THE TIVOLI

The film which is making everyone's flesh creep, and is even more blood-curdling than the vampire play, "*Dracula*." Amongst his various little efforts Frankenstein first plays with a small child and then drowns it in a lake before our eyes. Miss Mae Clarke plays the lead to Mr. Colin Clive, and Mr. Boris Karloff is the terrifying monster

is unbared, and the judge, amid applause, dismisses whoever is being accused. I repeat my confession that I enjoyed every moment of this preposterous farrago in comparison with which *Frail Women* reeked with sincerity. I enjoyed it, that is to say, until the time came for laughing at the procedure of American Courts of Justice, though even here I think I should have been able to keep a straight face if the row in front of me had not giggled. I attribute the successful effect of this film to one thing, and one thing only—the extraordinarily natural acting of La Bankhead. They have done a good deal to Tallulah since she returned to America. To begin with, they have given her the appearance of health. Five o'clock in the morning was always and must remain the operative hour in our Tallulah's existence. But the roundness of her cheek and the sparkle in her eye suggest that five a.m., instead of being her hour of going to bed, is now her time for getting up. They have straightened her nose, too, so that it now bears some resemblance to the Cromwell Road, though it meets more endearingly than ever the watershed of her eyes. They have taken the huskiness out of her voice, and they would in fact have turned our Tallulah into the blonde vamp of familiar pattern if it were not for that natural genius which no direction can spoil. Let us be thankful that no power exists in Hollywood to destroy or appreciably mar Tallulah's gift for suggesting salt, sane, wayward honesty.

FASHION NOTES FROM NEWBURY



MISS CICELY HILL AND MRS. "BOBBIE" COMBE



MR. AND MRS. A. T. SMITH-BINGHAM



MRS. GEOFFREY PEASE AND MRS. KENNETH WILSON

MRS. ROBERT FANSHAW
AND (right) MISS HOLROYDMISS BEATRICE BAKER WITH
MISS WINDSOR-LEWISMISS G. H. LIDDELL
IN THE PADDOCKMISS M. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH
AND MISS RACHEL PILKINGTON

Newbury always boasts of a well turned out crowd in the members' enclosure, and last week's meeting was no exception. Miss Cicely Hill and Mrs. "Bobbie" Combe both looked particularly well. The latter used to be Miss Grizel Hay. Her husband is sculpturing some of the bas-reliefs on the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. Lovely Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, who has a ravishing dress sense, was ahead of the mode on this occasion in a cornflower-blue velvet suit cut without a collar. Even the eye patch which Mrs. Geoffrey Pease still has to wear (as the result of a very bad hunting accident sustained some eighteen months ago) does not mar the attractiveness of her face, and she always wears nice clothes. Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the handicapper, proved the value of contrast in dark green and light grey; Mrs. Fanshawe, formerly Miss Viola Ismay, wore agreeably gay scarlet and fawn checks, and Miss Beatrice Baker's all black effect was well suited to her delicious fairness. There were many short fur coats, Miss Windsor-Lewis's being particularly cute. Miss "Jimmie" Liddell races regularly, but Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth can snatch only a day here and there between adorning the wedding processions of her friends

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter

Good as sport has been all round, the Cottesmore took the palm last week. The hunt from Cold Overton on Wednesday was perhaps the best, with a screamer from Woodwell Head on the Thursday running it close.

The young foxhunters had their annual day with the Quorn from Baggrave on Thursday, and the speech from the steps before throwing off was lucid, entertaining, and illuminating. Some of the parents should have read the book beforehand, as their offsprings' questions seemed to defeat them.

Wednesday was a very poor, scentless day with the Belvoir round the Harby Hills from which foxes wouldn't go. The only bright incident of the morning was the sudden subsidence of the horse in the buffalo wallow in the Clawson Thorns gateway. The owner stuck to the ship as long as possible, and then went in over his boots. The field never seemed to realize all day that if you gallop when hounds are walking you are bound to get ahead of them. Saturday started badly with the Belvoir, for the only fox in Harby Covert was chopped after vainly trying to get away through double-banked cars on the road. The Hose fox ran straight for the hills with hounds running a cracker till the smell of the gentleman's chestnut horse, consistently ridden fifty yards directly in front of them, slowed them up. Sherbrooke's was full of foxes, and after a slow, ringing hunt they found again, and running best pace to the top of the hills they came straight down through Holwell Mouth back through Sherbrooke's and killed in Clawson Village. A couple of familiar faces in the crowd at the kill in the persons of Messrs. Layton and Johnstone, who were given a pad apiece as a souvenir, and dispensed some welcome drinks. Our sympathies with Mrs. Paynter on the death of it, is said, her third horse this season.

Quorn Mondays are now practically impossible owing to the phalanxes of cars drawn up on every road, but in the evening they have thinned out a bit, and after a ringing hunt which ended satisfactorily, hounds raced from Ellas to Mundays and back again to Willoughby Village. The best news of the week is the removal of Harold from the nursing home to Quenby.

From the Beaufort

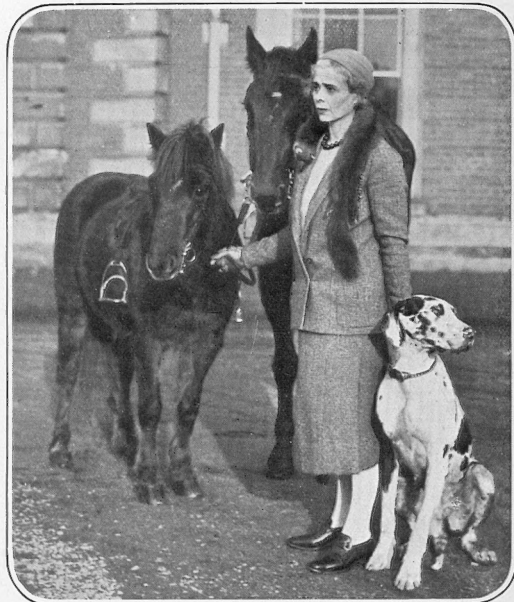
Once more we have returned to the mild weather, and the meet on Monday at Cliffe Pypard was ideal, and a nice hunt was enjoyed by the small field with a fox found at Stanmore which was run to ground in the V.W.H. country. The afternoon was fruitless after many blank draws.

On Tuesday at Knockdown a huge field met Master and his pack, but alas! the sport was very moderate as the many foxes found in the Weston-birt coverts would do nothing but run in small and then smaller circles!

Lower Woods on Wednesday provided a useful hunt and plenty of mud, and the afternoon was spent in hunting the Badminton home covers.

On Friday we started at Doynton in the Sodbury Vale and finished up at Pinkney. The best thing of the day (and week) was the hunt from Withymore over a nice line of country where there were plenty of empty saddles, and everyone was very sorry to hear Captain Russell Wood got laid out badly, also that gallant sportswoman, Mrs. Ernest Pitman, fractured her arm. Let's wish them both a speedy recovery.

Everyone's ears were ringing (at the meet on Saturday) discussing the announcement of Charles' fancy dress party in a "London daily" which was to, and did, take place that night, and, they say, was a wonderful party—dresses the best and many amusing episodes. The host as Harry Tate with his pack of hounds certainly got the prize.



WITH THE SOUTH ATHERSTONE: LADY FEILDING

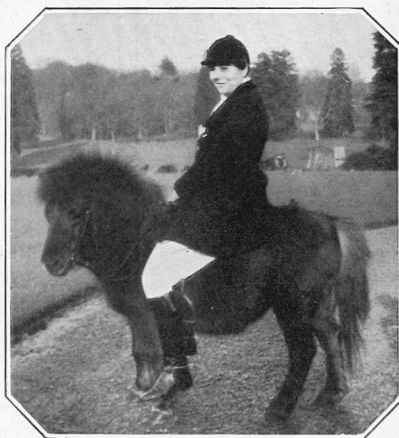
Holding her sons' ponies whilst they listened to the Master's (Mr. Reginald Wright's) little oration on fox-hunting when his hounds met at Newnham Paddox, Lord Feilding's house, for the children's special benefit. Nimrod Capell has succeeded poor Arthur Thatcher as huntsman

From the Fernie

Spring-like weather attended us at Lubenham on Monday. The large field, both mounted and in cars, had every reason to be satisfied with the day's happenings. Lady Alexandra Haig was one of our guests. Pamps unfortunately was blank, but a jog on to the Hothorpe Hills soon supplied the needful. From De Trafford's Gorse a merry dart to Sulby ended by our fox going to ground. From the youngest to the Pytchley octogenarian all struggled over the sodden land. The man in pink who forgot his hat went through the day in tweed

headgear, possibly more comfortable than becoming. A rare burst from Walton Holt took us over a capital line. Hounds ran hard asking for the best from horses. People were going down like ninepins. Two ladies emerged mud-stained from a trappy hedge and ditch which caught the unwary. "Winkadale" was a-chasing his quad, which a kindly farmer caught, and loose horses were visible at numerous other points. "Charles" had outwitted us and found refuge in a gravel pit at Shearsby Bath. There was a distinguished gathering at Houghton on Thursday, the old village overflowing with horse-boxes, fox-hunters, and lovers of the chase. Earl Beatty was in pink again, Lord and Lady Haddington, the former fully recovered from his racing accident and several from other parts of the "cut 'em downs" swelled our ranks. The blue and buff of the Beaufort was carried by Sir Gerard and Lady Fuller, while America had some worthy representatives. In the absence of Peaker, through an accident, opportunity came to Laidler, the first whip, who acquitted himself admirably. A preliminary scurry from Halls Spinney finished with an early kill near Stoughton.

(Continued on p. 140)



MRS. A. SIMMONS, M.P.H.

A snapshot at the South Herefordshire children's meet at Harwood Park. Mrs. Simmons got astride the smallest Sheltie owned by one of her field. She took on these hounds this season from Captain Helme and Mr. G. B. Hoare

AROUND AND ABOUT THE WORLD



SIR OWEN SEAMAN IN CAIRO: AT SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL



IN CALIFORNIA: JOHN LODER AND POLA NEGRI

IN CAIRO: MR. SAMUEL SAMUEL AND MAJOR
SIR ARCHIBALD BOYD-CARPENTERIN CANNES: LADY PATRICIA
RUSSELLAT MONTE CARLO: MR. AND MRS. RALPH
LYNN

These pictures on this page switch about the little old world a bit, as they cover the ground from Cairo to California and Cannes to Monte, and as will be observed, include, at any rate, one world-famous person, the editor of "Punch," Sir Owen Seaman, who succeeded the late Sir Frank Burnand under whom he had been assistant editor of the great comic paper. Pola Negri, who is taking a course of ultra-violet rays in the Californian sun, has been very ill, but is now better. It has been announced and denied so often that she is engaged to John Loder, who is also on the flickers, that no one quite knows what to believe. Major Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, Highland Light Infantry (R. of O.), and Mr. Samuel Samuel are in the same hotel at Cairo as Sir Owen Seaman, that historic place known as Shepherd's. Lady Pat Russell is a daughter of the second Lord Dufferin, a brother of the late marquess, who met with such a tragic fate in the air disaster. She and her husband, Mr. Henry Russell, have a house at Antibes. Mr. Ralph Lynn, the famous actor, is resting in the sun and needs it, as he had not been at his best and brightest quite recently, but is fast recovering



Paul Tanqueray
MR. GODFREY WINN

Whose new novel, "The Unequal Conflict," was published by Duckworth on January 21. This is Mr. Winn's third novel. It is a story of three generations—a grandmother, mother, and daughter—and has a hunting setting in the Shires and Worcestershire

sufficiently hard upon his head, he will immediately see reason as well as stars. A number of the rest are perfectly indifferent so long as they have enough to eat and drink, and can otherwise unprofitably waste their time by amusements organized especially for that purpose. The minority are, on the contrary, deliberate clogs; yet these can quite easily grind their own axes from the very highest positions. Indeed, it is all rather like trying to stop a flood with a tea-spoon. As for education, the present low state of the world intelligence, especially in regard to its own best interests, is a sufficiently devastating criticism of that. In fact, we are commonly told that most of the world's greatest men invariably warmed a seat somewhere at the bottom of the class. It was not that they lacked intelligence, but that they had the mental stamina not to be engulfed by the dreary unimaginativeness of the educational curriculum. Consequently, there is always hope for the dunce, whereas the "show pupil" somehow or other gets lost later on in the purely mechanical process of the world's working. I always look back on my own school days as my life's most wasted years. I don't think I learnt anything at all; at least, I learned nothing which of the least help to me in after-life. What few small talents I possessed could find no outlet in school life, while that life itself was filled in by labours which, without being dull in themselves had I had the adult intelligence to realize their significance, were presented to me in such a dull fashion that the moment I was free of them I cast them aside with that sigh of utter relief which accompanies the tardy departure of arrant bores. The educational curriculum has, of course, improved since then, but it still seems to waste too much time in cramming into reluctant minds a mass of subject-matter which can only have use should the wretched pupil take up a certain very limited number of professions; otherwise the end of school life finds him mostly fitted for no career at all, unless, peradventure, Influence can be brought to bear to stove him into a niche holding ultimate possibilities. Usually he is a walking example of the helplessness of mental smatterings lacking any firm

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Real Education.

IT always secretly amuses me, when I listen to someone seized by an immense enthusiasm for a new form of socialistic or educational salvation, to realize that invariably they build the golden future with some hypothetical perfect citizen or some equally perfect and equally hypothetical student upon which to base it. It would be so easy to find the millennium if all men were eager to discover it, which they aren't. Or, at least, the majority of them seem to imagine that if only they hit their neighbour

foundations. The result is forgiven him, however, if he can captain his school football team or hold a high average at cricket. It all seems very absurd when you come to think that without a developed intelligence, without developed personalities, the future is never going to outgrow the childish prejudices of the past and, consequently, progress only towards its own destruction. Therefore, after seeing some of the results of the Dalton Plan of education, and reading, among other books, "The Triumph of the Dalton Plan" (Nicholson and Watson, 6s.), written by Dr. C. W. Kimmins and Miss Belle Rennie, I do believe that here at least you have the foundation of a method of education which will develop a boy or girl's personality while at the same time teaching him discipline, the best form of it anyway, which is independence without arrogance, and nursing within him or her those talents by which Nature so clearly shows the road which may eventually lead to success in life. Unfortunately, in order to get the best results, the plan must be started early in life, and alas! the individuality of most children is undermined by fond or indifferent parents long before these same children can come under the influence of serious constructional education. More especially, however, is the Dalton Plan so admirable in theory, because alone it allows the child to follow its own mental bent, while encouraging him by a hundred subtle methods to take an interest in those subjects for which, by nature, he has no special yearning. Briefly it gives to each child an *interest in its own education*, making the acquirement of knowledge not the dull effort of memory it usually is, but a thrilling adventure that daily opens up fresh vistas which immediately appeal to the youthful imagination, and so eventually become unforgettable facts. Dr. Kimmins and Miss Rennie's book does not give the Dalton Plan in detail, but it outlines its main thesis, and it shows its magnificent result in nearly every school in which it has been tried. Every parent who is determined to develop his child rather than bring it up, which too often is to drag it up, should read this book. Also, everyone interested in the education of the young should study the subject. It is a plan founded upon understanding of the youthful mind and upon its development upon sure foundations. It throws, however, the whole difficulty of education not upon the pupil but upon the teacher; since, although it is comparatively easy to fill a child's mind with a lot of undigested knowledge, it is much harder to make that knowledge so interesting that the child's mind digests as it grows,

instead of being forced into a kind of mass-production shape where all love of learning is lost, and individuality, courage, and independence expire from frustration

The Best Book of Memoirs I have Lately Read.

Dr. Kimmins and Miss Rennie's book is, however, for the "specialist" reader. For the general one I most wholeheartedly recommend Lady Clodagh Anson's memoirs, "Book" (Bateman Blackshaw). It is by far the wittiest, most amusing and interesting volume of social memoirs I have read for a long time. And yet, perhaps, "social memoirs" are not the right words. Rather it is a book of family reminiscences; only, somehow or other, one always thinks in terms of social memoirs when it is a question of titles. Yes, even when, as Lady Clodagh tells us, the remains of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, having been cremated, it nevertheless seemed a waste not to bury her ashes in the splendid coffin which had been prepared years previously. So they were put in this coffin unknown to the bearers, who gave a tremendous heave and were astonished to find the casket flying into the air in a most unfunereal fashion! Unlike too many feminine writers of memoirs, Lady Clodagh refuses to hint that she was "behind" almost every national



Miss DIANA WREY

Lenore

Whose engagement to Mr. J. Abel Smith was announced recently. The bridegroom-elect is the eldest son of Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, D.S.O., M.C., who married a daughter of the late Lord Sudeley, and has a house, Cossington, Leicestershire

AFTER THE WAR!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



“‘Saucy hussy!’ I says, quite ladylike, ‘why you ain’t fit to lace up me boots!’ And when I’d finished with ‘er she worn’t capable of doin’ of it, neither!”

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

movement of the last forty years and in the confidence of Prime Ministers and Kings. She just ignores "movements" and Royalty and Prime Ministers, and the only movement she was ever behind was, and is, a coffee stall on the Embankment in which she works for the down-and-outs in life's unequal struggle. Her story is the story of her own family life, peopled for the most part by her relations. As, however, all these relations were very well known, it is a delight to meet them in the intimacy of one who, at any rate, has inherited a sense of humour from them, and so paints a more human portrait in a few lines than whole pages of pompous analysis could ever do. To begin with, she draws an unforgettable picture of Ireland in the days before the Trouble was spelt with a capital "T." One realizes once again the reason why Irish people have such a sense of humour. *They have to have one to live in Ireland!* When they lose it for a moment someone gets shot! However, Lady Clodagh spent most of her life between England and her own country, so that she is just as graphic and just as amusing when she is drawing the portrait of social life over here. She is equally interesting and "good company" when marriage dragged her to Texas, where her husband had a ranch. But it is not so much where she goes as what she does and the people she meets which give her memoirs such an entertaining friendliness. She is evidently a born "mixer." All is friendly grist which comes to her mill whether it be Royalty or governesses, duchesses or down-and-outs. She is as keenly interested and amused by the one as the other. Consequently, no book of memoirs was ever better company. She realizes how very dull the great can be on paper and, nevertheless, how anything but dull can be the quaint and obscure. She concentrates, therefore, on both. The result is that not one single page in her book has even a nodding acquaintance with boredom. And to prove how entertaining she can make the trivial I recommend you to read the pages which tell how, in order to oblige an affectionate relative, she lugged some air-balloons half across Europe as a present to her young nephew, only to find that when she at length arrived home they burst in the hall. But the book abounds in amusing anecdotes, and yet there isn't one unkind remark, except those addressed to certain types *en masse*, and they fully deserve it every time. Her praise of modern days and modern ways will doubtless send most of her contemporaries into hysterics of protestation. But she is mainly right I know, because I happen to have lived through the same number of years as she has done. For example: "As for the nonsense talked about people of my generation being able to cook, make jams, and all the bustling housewife stuff, it is just as pure imagination as when people said the same to us of former generations. A few mistresses of the smaller county gentry class may have gone about with an enormous bunch of keys in their pocket, and sat on them uncomfortably most of the day, but what good it did to anyone I never discovered, except to give a lot of trouble to the household when they wanted anything out of the store-room, the parlour-maid having to come up and ask for 'the keys' in a husky whisper, these being fished out or hunted for about the room before being taken away to unlock it." And what could have been more devastating than Lady Clodagh's answer to the blackmailer who, over

the telephone, threatened to reveal some deadly secret in her past, unless she made it worth his while not to do so in cash? "When you get to my age," she told him, "you either have lost your character long ago, or else have ceased to worry about having one or not," and then rung off—which, naturally, settled the blackmailer. It is just this kindly, outspoken, utterly unconventional attitude towards the world and everybody in it which makes "Book" so much more worth reading than most, especially feminine, memoirs. I don't know when I enjoyed a volume of reminiscences more. If you miss reading it, you will miss one of the few jolly things which 1932 is likely to give us. And this, according to all accounts, will not be very much; unless, peradventure, a ray from Heaven comes through the Budget, which, such is our present *impasse*, seems to be the only place where nowadays the heavenly rays are looked for.

An Uncomfortable but Gripping Story.

I can't promise you a jolly time with Miss Norah Hoult's novel, "Apartments to Let" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), but it is a story which nevertheless haunts the imagination, and might perhaps have done so more had not the authoress concentrated too often on details which revolt and yet add nothing to the general drama. The story is the tragedy of a lonely woman in a boarding-house who is gradually going out of her mind. It would have been more impressive, however, if the pathos of this tragedy had been stressed, rather than its more sinister aspects. All the same, it is a novel which "gets hold of you," which fascinates you in spite of the human misery and sordidness of its theme. It is, of course,



IF EVERYBODY SPOKE THE TRUTH

Doctor: Get up, you old trout; there's nothing the matter with you!

a book to read, unless, perhaps, only the pretty-pretty and the prattling are for you. But don't expect a nice, cosy, comfortable evening with it. It is worth more than merely that.

A Rather Dismal Story.

There is nothing of the Crusader spirit about the characters of Miss Joan Kennedy's new novel, "Punchinello" (Long, 7s. 6d.). They all take their troubles in the most dismal way. The scene is laid around Mont St. Michel. Marie-Louise is betrayed and gives birth to a hump-backed child. The child grows up to fall in love with Marguerite, who in her turn is betrayed. But the betrayer this time disappears, and so she marries poor hump-backed Adolphe. Then her lover returns. The rest of the story is righteous vengeance, but somehow or other it left me cold. I didn't much care who killed or got killed, nor why. The characters lived too ostentatiously for dramatic gloom.

MY HAT!

The "Buy British" Slogan Goes to the Head of Smart Society



AFTER DOLLY VARDEN:
THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

Black pedaline with a trapping of velvet flowers in the new capucine shade is Lady Seafield's excellent choice



IF THE CAP FITS . . . MISS SYLVIA DE OLIVEIRA



MISS YVONNE MARLING TAKES THE RIGHT LINE

Sir Charles Marling's daughter doing justice to a cunningly tilted black straw hatting (all British, of course) which is rendered additionally amusing by its bandeau of plaited velvet ribbon



THE WATTEAU NOTION AND LADY TIVERTON

Above is another straw which shows which way the wind of fashion blows on this side of the Channel. Lord Halsbury's daughter-in-law is noted for her chic. It is easy to see that this has not suffered by her latest purchase. Miss Sylvia de Oliveira, whose father is the Brazilian Minister, has also a high standard to live up to, and her white felt cap with its jaunty crystal quill is a pretty compliment to English taste, for, naturally, in her case there is no patriotic urge to "Buy British." But everybody's doing it

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 134)

From the Heythrop

Support this week has not been of such a high standard as the wind, which has seriously interfered with sport, so let us hope for a windfall in the shape of better things.

Monday at Churchill was certainly the best day of the week. This is only as it should be as, according to the old proverb, Monday is the day for wealth, and surely the well-known sporting artist was very well off when, mounted on a Gee gee-gee he came off three times, and, judging by his muddy appearance, it was not the best view in Europe. The buff-collared lady also took one, but it took two to get her going again, but her gratitude was such that we understand she conferred upon these gentlemen the order of her garter. Deddington, which was our meet on Wednesday, once again lived up to its reputation for bad luck. We were very sorry for the young lady from South Newington, whose horse fell down dead. We were also very sorry for ourselves as hounds did not find a fox until 1.30, and even then the best sport of the day was of the aquatic variety given us by a farmer friend who rode at the brook where his horse came to a full-stop, but his rider went on like an inverted comma to the other side. Friday at Stow-on-the-Wold was chiefly confined to circular tours to and from the slaughter copses, and it was indeed the Master's Master-piece to finish the day at his own stables. We were glad to see our friend from America over here again, and at the current rate of exchange we hope for the Hunt's sake he put half-a-dollar into the half-crown cap.

From Warwickshire

Monday proved for those who did not go racing at Birmingham an exceptionally good day from Thelsford Bridge. "Gar" was in command, and hounds were queuing all day, eventually killing their fox in Walton quite late. The Brailes foxes have only one way of going, which is to and fro to Green-hill. We know that bit of country by heart; but on Tuesday we went from Brailes to Wychford, over that horrible brook, which proved so disastrous for poor Phyllis, who, with the help of the Admiral (always so much at home—or in—the water), managed after an hour to drag an exhausted horse on to the bank.

It was a short sharp one off the hill in the evening, and only a handful enjoyed the fun. The wide bottom meant nothing to Mr. Tim, but the locked gate caused some an unpleasant sensation!

Thursday was a day combining an ugly crowd with a bad scent. Which was the worse it is hard to say. There seemed to be quantities of pale-faced young men looking more like steak and kidney puddings in napkins than anything else. The Ladbroke foxes proved scentless. Welsh Road was blank, and our last chance vanished when we killed the only fox in Watergall. Some of the thrusters improved the shining hour by walking up and down the notorious brook trying to find a loophole—it looked fuller and colder every minute.

From Lincolnshire

Continuing their vein of good luck, the Blankney scored a wonderful hunt on January 14, the day they met at Lord George Seymour's place on the High Dyke. A big-hearted fox

from Crow Bottom was then hunted continuously for four hours, during which hounds made a point of ten miles, and covered nearly twice that distance as they ran. The gallop, over good country and bad, took them as far away as North Hykeham, before turning back (after changing) and losing below Boothby Graffoe. The deep holding fens of Aubourn and beyond took heavy toll of the field. Whose was the riderless steed with a top boot stuck up in the near side stirrup as if a leg had been inside it?

There was another topping day on January 16, when the pack, taking a fox from Potter Hill, stretched themselves out with delightful freedom for forty minutes before losing their fox near Thorpe-on-the-Hill. There was a later gallop over a much worse country below Aubourn to finish.

Brooklesby sport is improving at last. After meeting at Stallingborough Station on January 16, hounds showed some of their old form, accounting for their foxes after two typical bursts, and running another 1 hr. 40 min. with a 6½-mile point.

From the Cheshire

The early part of Tuesday from Highway Side might be described as somewhat circular, it being quite impossible for either the fox from Wardle or Keith's tree fox to cross any road owing to the number of motorists and bicyclists. Still it's always fun in that good country, and some of us had an extra thrill due to the smartness of our lady visitor; "no doubt some of our astirde riders will shortly follow suit."

A cracking good hunt in the evening made the day, hounds forcing their fox over the Tarporley - Nantwich road near Acton, past Stoke Hall into the Calveley country, scent eventually failing between Oulton Lowe and the Adjacts, after 56 minutes, with a seven-mile point.

Everyone was very pleased to see Phyllis out again after being laid low for five weeks, and going as good as ever. We hope Bob Champion enjoyed his day here, and Jack, our proud Salopian friend.

Saturday from Saughton was a busy day, the best

being the 45 minutes from Saughton Gorse, which was ended by the abnormal floods at Rowton.

We hear that our "Times" correspondent missed most of this hunt, having got a thorn through his boot into his leg. He removed the boot, extracted the thorn, but only after a dire struggle and with the aid of all Miss Pickering's face powder and one of her father's new socks was he able to get it on again.

From the York and Ainsty

Saturday (January 16) saw both the North and South packs out, the former meeting at the Master's residence, Nidd Hall, where they had very good sport, and the latter at Howden North Station, where we didn't start the day too well, as the hound van had a puncture coming to the meet. It was also remarked that there was a slump in wives, several of whom were absent owing to the Pony Club paper-chase or other causes. However, notwithstanding the puncture and the wives, we had a capital day, with three hunts practically all over grass—in fact great fun. Young S. gave us a couple of comic turns over the hunt timber, but was none the worse, and we understand the lady from the harriers also enjoyed herself.

Lots of people out at Askham Richard on Tuesday, and any amount of galloping and jumping. It was a very warm day, just like Spring—"Honi sweat qui mal y pense" in fact, but it's much pleasanter than being too cold.

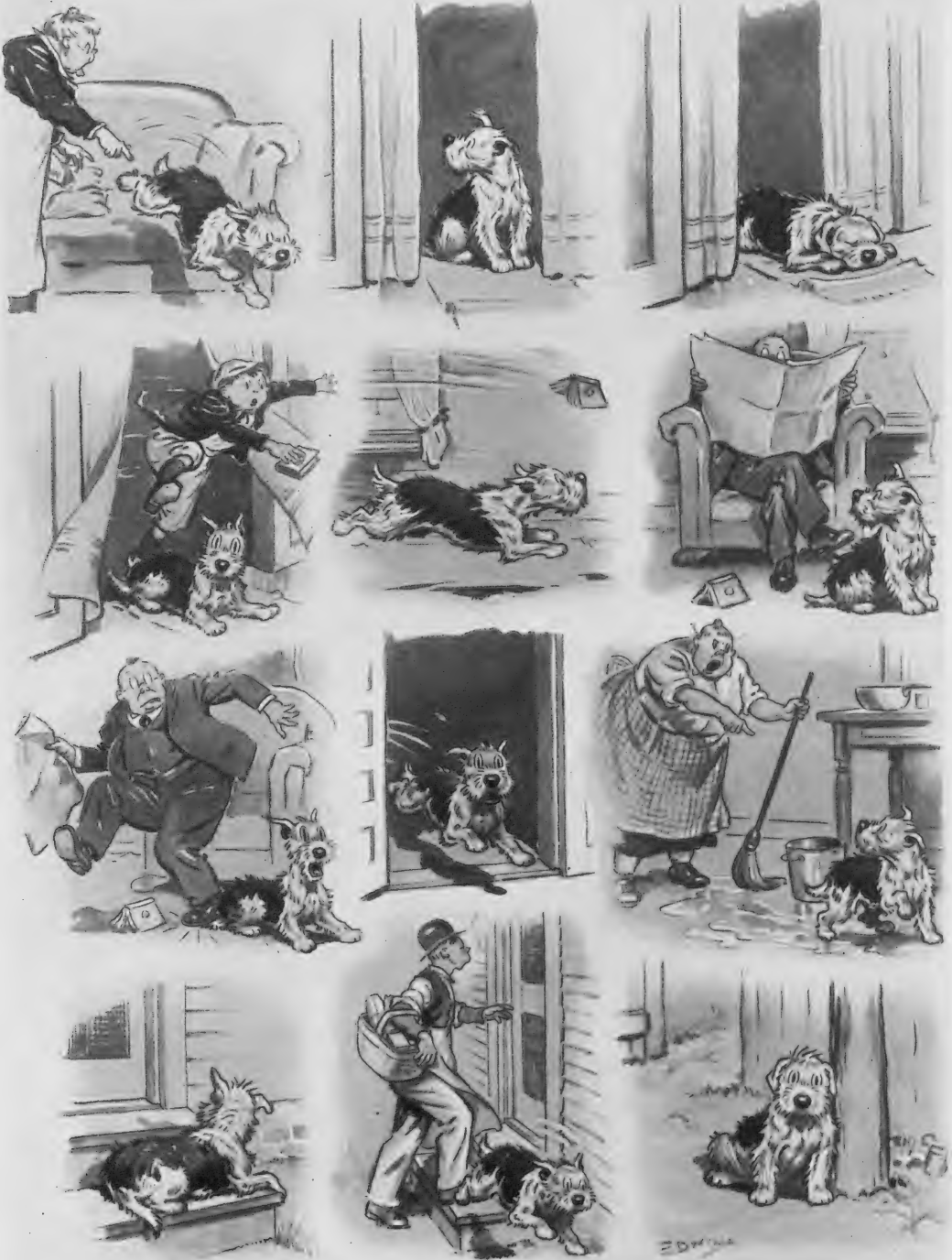


WITH THE RADNOR AND WEST HEREFORDSHIRE

Truman Howells

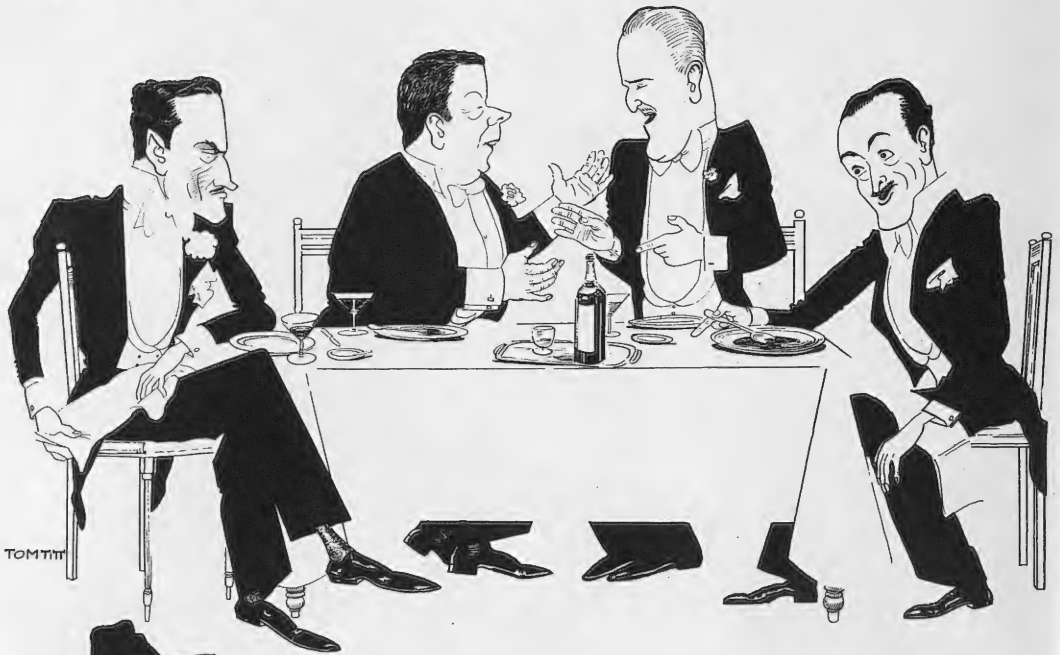
A group taken the day they met at Luntley Court, and included in it is the Master, Major Longueville, who has had them since 1919. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Miss Gwyer, Miss Davey, Miss Bourlton, Miss Cairnes, Mrs. Cairnes, Mrs. Gwyer, Mrs. Clegg, Mrs. Long, Mrs. E. Longueville, Master Cairnes, Mrs. de Quincy-Quincy, Mrs. Verdin, Major E. Longueville, M.F.H., Mrs. C. Gwyer, and Miss Verdin.

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



ALWAYS IN THE WAY!

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Gay Adventure" at the
Whitehall Theatre

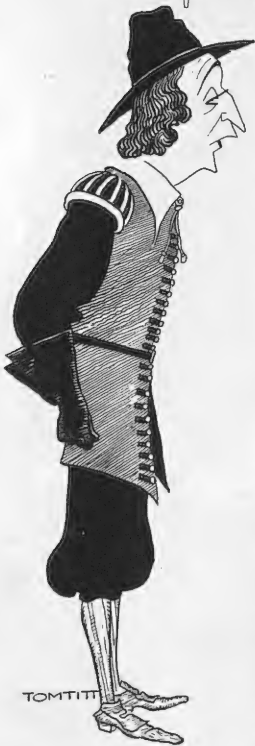
"ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE"—PERHAPS

A strange gathering at Bordoni's Restaurant, whereat the genial host (Mr. Richard Gray) persuades his guests (Messrs. Eric Maturin, Seymour Hicks and Charles Quartermaine) that they are all descended from Dumas' quartette—the Three Musketeers and d'Artagnan

YOU turn down an unfamiliar street . . . and run full tilt into Adventure. Romance is always there, waiting for you round the corner. So says Mr. Walter Hackett, setting good store by coincidence, adventure's most puissant henchman, and being under no illusions about the comparative thickness of blood and water. The roving spirit will out, and, when it stirs, a few centuries more or less do not count. Those ancestors, like the kilted worthies in the whisky advertisement, step out of their frames, the gay dogs, and when that happens umbrellas turn into rapiers and the sparks fly upward.

Used together, the Adventure theory and the Ancestor business afford a happy hunting-ground. Trust Mr. Hackett not to make the mistake of bringing adventure to the adventurous. To fling the young blade into knight-errantry is to rob reincarnation of its piquancy. When it comes to exorcising the ghost of d'Artagnan, why look elsewhere than a retiring, middle-aged gentleman residing at Liphook? To Liphook Mr. Hackett goes, and summons to his artful aid Mr. Seymour Hicks, the very man to slip from all-British dyspepsia into seventeenth-century swashbuckling and the romantic habits of a lady-killing musketeer.

Mr. Hackett divides his stage and his plot into two "stories." He shows us what is happening upstairs and downstairs simultaneously, and, a few moments later, in my lady's chamber, three hundred years ago. Upstairs, in Bordoni's restaurant, we perceive that a neurotic young man is about to entertain somebody else's wife to a dinner *à deux*. Immediately below, a strange dinner party is in progress. The Three Musketeers and d'Artagnan are being reunited under the old ægis of "One for all and all for one." A Mr. Porter from Boston is Porthos, one M. Paul d'Allary is Athos, a Mr. George Aram is, naturally, Aramis, and our Mr. Darnton from Liphook is—well, of course—d'Artagnan. Mr. Porter's champagne and the College of Heralds have smoothed away prosaic doubts. There in black and white is each guest's family tree tracing descent to Dumas' immortals. The presence of Mr. Eric Maturin (Aramis) naturally suggests some sinister design behind this eccentric hospitality. That arrogant slouch and staccato sneer are never wasted on the empty air of virtue. Mr. Richard Gray makes Mr. Porter-



300 YEARS AGO

This husband (Mr. H. G. Stoker) was jealous, and with reason. D'Artagnan made off with his gold



BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

Mrs. Musketeer (Miss Nora Swinburne) dines out clandestinely with a boy friend. He gets shot, and she gets blackmailed

Porthos look so athletically honest that even at the hint of a lost gold-mine in Alaska our suspicions are not aroused.

When the clock slips back three centuries and we encounter the quartette dodging the Cardinal's men on the roof-tops, it would seem that Mr. Porter's dinner party is ancestrally in order. Mr. Hicks, bewigged and booted, is a terrific d'Artagnan. He assaults the supper and virtue of a worthy citizeness (Miss Marion Lorne) in the absence of her spouse (Mr. H. G. Stoker, whom we recognise as Bordon's head-waiter), finally making off with a bag of the Cardinal's gold, but without the sweets of the four-poster.

On further acquaintance Messrs. Porthos and Aramis prove to be Musketeers all right, but Scotland Yard has other labels. Wherefore Mr. Hicks's subsequent behaviour in the matter of shielding and pursuing distressed ladies, climbing through windows, and knocking down police inspectors must be attributed to imagination.

Anyhow, the new d'Artagnan and the old Liphookian make a vastly entertaining partnership. Miss Lorne reappears as a resourceful spinster called July, who gets entangled with the lovers on the top floor. Miss Nora Swinburne, looking entrancing in white, pops down to take refuge behind the curtain because her lover has shot himself, or at any rate is no more; while Miss Lorne dashes off to Grosvenor Street to retrieve a good-bye note to the husband. Mr. Hicks, homeward bound, meets her on the doorstep,



recognises the charmer whose taxi fare he paid at Bordon's, breaks in through the window, and presently discovers that the husband is none other than his newly-found friend Athos (Mr. Charles Quartermaine, who is faced with the difficult job of looking a bit of a romanticist without wearing his jealousy on his sleeve or giving away the contents of his hip-pocket).

A complicated affair, as you may imagine, but so light and airy that plot and counter-plot need no heavy-handed analysis; nor would it be seemly to give away the surprises. The magnets which will draw the Hacketteers and the All-for-Lornes into this lively web of missing bracelets, blackmail, ancestor-worship, bluff, false witness, true comedy and (yes) murder are, of course, Mr. Hicks and his co-partner in unlawful deception.

Miss Lorne's July is the very summer of content—another of that honourable line of fluttering, men-shy spinsters who are not so foolish as they seem, and whose nervous gulps and stammering inflexions are the outward and risible signs of a highly perfected technique. Miss Lorne, playing most unselfishly and with easy restraint, is at the top of her form.

Mr. Hicks, who can speak volumes by the mere flicker of his fingers on a top-hat or raise laughter by the lift of an eyebrow, sets a terrific pace. If we call him the English Guitry, the compliment is well deserved. What comedians have the verve, the volatility, and the tempestuous attack of this winged Mercury among slower-footed mortals? Has any actor the gift of quicker thinking or defter finesse? If, to be hypercritical, there is a fault once in a while, it is on the side of impetuosity. I liked Mr. Hicks best of all in those delightful moments when, in seeming to be doing so little, he achieved everything.

The Gay Adventure, capably acted all round, goes with a rare swing. It is gayer than its name. Put it high up on your list.

"TRINCULO."



THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

The dyspeptic Mr. Darnton from Liphook (Mr. Seymour Hicks) reverts to his ancestral self, and as d'Artagnan lays siege to the heart and home of a virtuous lady (Miss Marion Lorne)

HUNTING IN IRELAND



Poole, Dublin

WITH THE LONGFORD HARRIERS: LADY MOIRA FORBES AND THE MARQUIS DE BRISSAC



Poole, Waterford

THE AFTER-THE-BALL MEET OF THE WATERFORD

In this group the names are (left to right): Mr. Robin Baring, The Hon. Mrs. Mordaunt Smith, Mr. Ronald Dawnay, Mr. Mark Baring, Lady Gweneth Cavendish, Mr. Patrick Baring and Lady Irene Congreve



Poole, Dublin

WITH THE CO. DOWN: LADY CLANWILLIAM AND LADY ELIZABETH ANNESLEY



Poole, Dublin

ALSO LORD GILLFORD AND LADY MARY MEADE



Poole, Dublin

AND MR. F. W. WORKMAN (THE MASTER) AND LADY ELIZABETH MEADE

All the pictures on this page come from that grand country for sport and general "divarshun"—Ireland, and both parts of it are represented—the South at the top and the North (with the Co. Down Staghounds) at the bottom. Lady Moira Forbes and the Marquis de Brissac, who were with the Longford Harriers, are engaged to be married. Lady Moira Forbes, who is Joint Master of these "dogs," is a daughter of Lord and Lady Granard, who was Miss Ogden Mills, the daughter of the American millionaire. The pictures were taken at Forbes Castle. The Marquis de Brissac is a well-known G.R. in France and at present is hunting in Ireland. The Waterford had their Hunt Ball at Whitfield Court, Lady Susan Dawnay's house. Robin, Mark, and Patrick Baring are the sons of Lady Gweneth Cavendish by her first marriage. They are on a visit at present to Lady Irene Congreve, at Mount Congreve. Both Lady Gweneth and Lady Irene are sisters of the Earl of Bessborough. All the Co. Down Staghound pictures were taken when they met at Lord Clanwilliam's house, Montalto. Lord Gillford is Lord Clanwilliam's heir, and Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Meade are the daughters. Mr. Workman has been Master of this famous pack of staghounds since 1928

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE



AT LADY DASHWOOD'S WEEK-END PARTY AT WEST WYCOMBE PARK

Photo shows: A group which includes Lady Dashwood (left), Lady Diana Wellesley, Hon. Lionel Brett, Miss Betty MacLaren, Miss Mary Ridgeley-Carter, Lord Donegall, Miss Phillimore, Miss Baring, Miss Nancy Milford, and Sir Hugh Smiley



ALSO: THE HON. LIONEL BRETT AND LADY DASHWOOD



WITH THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS

Crompton

Lady Ann Hunloke, Lady Rachel Stuart, Lady Balniel, Lady Blanche Cobbold, Lady Maud Baillie, and Judith Baillie



AND ALSO WITH THE HIGH PEAK: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND DAVID AND JOHN STUART

Crompton

Lady Dashwood's week-end party at West Wycombe was a very cheery success and was mostly made up of the younger brigade. Sir John Dashwood, who is the premier baronet of Great Britain, succeeded in 1908, when he was twelve years old. He was originally in the Diplomatic Service, but when war broke out he went battle-fighting at once and ended up with the rank of Captain in the 10th Batt. Argyll and Sutherlands; he also served with the Tanks. Lady Dashwood was formally Miss Helen Eaton, and her father was the late Lt.-Col. Vernon Eaton, who was a Canadian Horse Gunner. Lady Diana Wellesley, who is in one of the groups, is a half-sister of Lord Cowley. The Hon. Lionel Brett is Lord Esher's only son. The pictures in the lower half of the page were taken with that famous pack, the High Peak Harriers, whose country is of no use to anyone whom a wall sends all of a twitter, for they jump very little else in that part of Derbyshire. Lady Maud Baillie is a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; Lady Rachel Stuart is another daughter, and Lady Balniel is the Earl of Crawford's daughter-in-law and a daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—The dullness of Paris just now! The *tristesse* of everything! There's a sort of waiting-for-nothing feeling in the air that numbs one in the most depressing manner. Nevertheless, Maurice Rostand has to thank this atmosphere of "greyness" for the success of his amazing play, *Une Jeune Fille Espagnole*, at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt the other evening. Three acts, of which two take place under the blue skies of Provence and the third in the blazing sunshine of Spain, had a markedly cheering effect on the audience, even though the play itself was the most astonishing nonsense ever conceived outside a Hollywood film-producer's diabetic brain! Sugar, sugar, and then more sugar! Lashings of sugar—and syrupous at that; not even one good hard, scrunchy lump for one's teeth to get a-holt on! This Young Lady of Spain is murmured to be Maurice Rostand's own great-grandmamma. On the stage of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt she is Madame Raquel Meller. Raquel, of *Violetta* fame, playing a *pukka* part . . . and in verse, too; or, rather, as M. de Pawlowski—our local Agate—remarked, we believe it to be verse. It is sheer cowardice on my part to cite the eminent critic of *Le Journal*. In my heart of hearts I like Maurice; he is a very Peter Pan of poets, and I think he has been cruelly handicapped by having for parent the author of *Cyrano*, to say nothing of *Chantecler* and *L'Aiglon*. If we had not had Edmund, we probably would have found Maurice sublime. Besides, I am no judge of verse, so it is not for such as me to sneer at the richness of Maurice's rhymes or question the way he juggles with that "regulated succession of certain groups of syllables in which poetry is usually written"!

But let's get down to the story: A youth, *de bonne famille bourgeoise*, is expected home after the usual emancipating trip to distant countries. Mamma, a widow, an indulgent uncle, a prim young brother, and some *nouveau riche* step-relations await his return. There is also a virtuous and wealthy *jeune fille à marier*, who is only debarred from beauty by a bad case of strabismus! (The actress charged with the rôle is an ace at make-up.) And I must not forget the inevitable old, devoted, outspoken, heart-on-the-hand servant.

Alexis—such is the hero's name—arrives. With true gallantry he almost swoons at the sight of the proposed fiancée, is dashing insolent to everybody, and informs his mother that he has a wife waiting outside in the garden whom he expects her to welcome as a daughter. Mamma has the nerve to enquire who her new daughter-in-law may be. Alexis rants that she is the purest of maids, and that her name is Pomposa; adding, as an afterthought, that she is the offspring of Montès the Matador, and a beautiful lace-maker. Raquel enters: "*Ma mère!*" she cries. "Call me madame," answers *ma mère*, and that, of course, tears it with Alexis. Pomposa refuses to feel snubbed at first. She plays her light guitar, chews a carnation, dances on the dining-room table, and clicks her *castagnettes* right merrily, to the delight of the men-folk and the horror of all others present except the dear old servant, whose attitude towards it all is that girls will be kittens, and that youth must have its evenings out!

At the end of the second act, however, the stultifying effect of *la bourgeoise* makes itself felt. Pomposa, after trilling a few songs in the best Raquel manner, wanders pensively "off," and trills herself into distance. Alexis dashes into the garden, looks around under the currant-trees and up the road for an instant, and dashes back to curse everybody because his song-bird has gone for ever. Blessed if he isn't right, too . . . till the next act, anyway. I must tell you, as a slight, very slight, justification for the *bourgeoisie's* snooty attitude,



COMING TO LONDON: DORIS JACKSON

Sister of "Bee," who won the world's Charleston Championship and also brought a dance called the Rhumba from America. Doris Jackson both swims and dances and has won the long distance Swimming Championship in the U.S.A. After she finishes a contract at the Parisian Grill in Budapest, she comes to London for an engagement

that, thanks to Pomposa—though I am not quite clear as to how she managed it—they have lost all their money and are absolutely *sans* a bean.

Last act: the family are all perked up. Pomposa has not passed through their lives in vain. After so much suffering Alexis has become a pow-et and his young brother a composer. Result: an opera that beats *Louise* and *Butterfly* and *Faust* as a money-making proposition. There's an eye-, ear-, and mouthful for you; and there is more to come. Alexis somehow gets mixed up in a bull-fight (looking for copy, maybe), and at Seville, doing a job of work as a matador, he is wounded. Pomposa is present, and . . . dearie, don't ask me for the details, it's all too sweetly prettily harrowing for words. Reunited and forgiven all round, everybody is prepared to live happily ever after.

It all goes to prove, Très Cher, that nothing is so judicious as a nice little mixture of *bohème* and *bourgeois*! Personally, I'm all for it. I can drink cheap Chianti in a tooth-glass, and eat pig's-trotters while listening to Darius Milhaud (on the gramophone) with the best of 'em. . . . But I do like my caviare and Lanson 'leven at Larue's, while the fiddler croons (most fittingly) "*J'ai deux amours*," on off-nights for a change.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MARIE GLORY

The pretty young French actress who has made a great name for herself in the French talkies—notably in a film called "Dactyl"

THE "STARS" IN THEIR COURSES



BÉBÉ DANIELS AND BEN LYON (HER HUSBAND)
AT SANTA MONICA—HOLLYWOOD



RUTH HALL: A FIRST NATIONAL
DÉBUTANTE



JOHN WEISSMULLER GOES MOVIE
FOR M.G.M.!

John Weissmuller is the world's champion swimmer, and he has just signed on to play lead in a new and exciting "jungle" film which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are making

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bébé Daniels) are a most devoted and domesticated couple. They were married in 1930—neither of them having been married before—and a small daughter arrived last September and has been christened Barbara. Bébé Daniels is half Scottish and half Spanish, and looks the latter more than the former. Ben Lyon first made his name on the *pukka* stage, but since then has hit the high spots on the movies. Beautiful Juliette Compton is Mrs. Frank Bartram in private life, and is as well known in England as she is in her own land, America. She first came to London to play in *Charlot's Revue*, and then she did a lot of work in *Stoll* pictures and also was in *Edgar Wallace's* "The Ringer" film



JULIETTE COMPTON IN "THE BELOVED BACHELOR"—A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SPORTING OCCASIONS



LORD PENRHYN AND MRS. LEVESON-GOWER GO RACING AT LINGFIELD



ALSO AT LINGFIELD: MR. AND MRS. J. M. GOSDEN AND MR. F. H. WYNTER



FURTHER LINGFIELDERS: SIR ANTHONY LINDSAY-HOGG AND MISS SALMON



COUNTESS DE PRET-ROOSE AND MR. G. BEEBY AT DERBY RACES LAST WEEK



COLONEL THE HON. GERALD AND MRS. FOLJAMBE



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL AND MR. HARRY BROWN AT DERBY

At Lingfield Park, where the first three of these pictures were taken, the struggle for supremacy between Drintyre and Sir Lindsay in the Burstow Double Handicap 'Chase provided the big thrill of the day. After the first circuit there was never more than a length between these two National horses (the latter owned by Mr. Whitney and the former by Captain Brownhill, who rode him) and a most inspiring battle ended in a dead-heat. Mrs. J. M. Gosden was there to see Cheviotdale win the first race, and Lord Penrhyn's Ravenscar was placed in the Tandridge Court Hurdle. The remaining snapshots on this page are concerned with racing at Derby. No meeting there would be complete without Colonel the Hon. Gerald Foljambe, one of the most popular of Midland owners. His Seaspud started favourite for the Novices' Chase, but did not finish. Countess de Pret-Roose (who used to be known as Mrs. "Jackie" de Pret) trains with Beeby at Melton, and is as enthusiastic about racing as the Hon. Mrs. "Toby" Greenall is about hunting. Mr. Harry Atherton Brown was, as usual, in fine fettle, though none of his charges were competing on the opening day.



IF EVERYBODY SPOKE THE TRUTH

"Well, if you really want to know, old boy—I think your port's bad, your cigar's worse, and your wife's a bore!"



FISH! By F.

The voyager across the North Sea—from Harwich, let us say, to Esbjerg, a route which traverses the very heart of that ocean stretch—cannot fail to have his interest and curiosity aroused by the fishing boats in multitudes which he is sure to encounter from half way over to the very tip of Jutland. We have been told so often that the North Sea fishing industry is dead, that the trawlers of our own ports which supply (it has been presumed) all our wants, are obliged to go north into the Arctic to find fishing grounds worth the trawling, that the spectacle of whole fleets of foreign fishing vessels busily hauling up bags of fish, as if they were picking up gold on Tom Tiddler's ground, arouses some perplexity. One suspects that energy, enterprise, and organization are keys to the problem—an impression which gains strength as one observes the thoroughly up-to-date equipment of the craft in question. Nearly all are sailing ships—a steam trawler is but rarely found amongst them—and while the character of the famous northern type of fishing craft is preserved, it shows a very modern and efficient development. The boats are of yacht-like design, but extremely sturdy and handy. They range from 10 to about 40 tons, and are now built



ank H. Mason, R.I.

as auxiliaries and are not mere conversions. The motors are practically all Danish, very simple and reliable, requiring no expert attention, and ranging in power from 3 to 60 h.p. They are adapted not only for propulsion, but for hauling gear and sails, coiling, and any other heavy work. Wireless is carried on all the vessels, which are mostly owned by the fishermen themselves working in small syndicates. The now large port of Esbjerg, which fifty years ago was a mere hamlet, possesses a fleet of over 450 fishing craft, and is the port from which, in conjunction with Skagen, in North Jutland, most of the North Sea fishing is now carried on. New ports are being developed. A feature of the methods employed is the fact that the fish are caught alive, and subsequently so sold, the net employed being the Danish seine, a purely Danish invention. The Danish Government helps the fishing industry in many ways—by loans at low interest, insurance, and other expedients; and the fact that, apart from home consumption, about 50 million kilograms of fish are exported annually, speaks for itself. Our own fishing industry could perhaps do more to help itself than the lay public has been led to suppose was possible.

THE ART OF THE POTTER



"THE CARPET SELLER"
The irrepressible vendor of bargains
from the East

"PRINCESS BADOURA"
A "tour de force" in pottery. An impressive
story from China in china

"THE ALCHEMIST"
No beauty—but a fine
character study



"THE MIDINETTE"
An appealing type from
the boulevard

"ANGELA"
The fan arranged as an effective
back-ground to a charming figure

"THE MODERN PIPER"
Not the rats of Hamelin, but—as ever—mere
man responding to the call of the pipe

The vogue of the pottery figure has been re-established and the tradition of the Chelsea group revitalized. Doulton's have created a fashion, and certainly in this beautiful collection it is easy to "Buy British." The seated figure of the Princess Badoura in the middle at the top is shaded in delicate pinks with a cream head-dress picked out with finely raised gold; in her hand she holds a peacock fan in natural colours. The mahout is in royal blue with gold braidings and forms a fitting contrast to the other colours. The ebony howdah on which the princess reclines is elaborately carved and wrought in gold. A little gem of a piece

WHO WAS WHO AT HURST PARK



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BROWNHILL



MAJOR-GENERAL AND MRS. W. S. ANTHONY



MRS. RAYSON AND SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON

MISS FOSTER AND THE HON. DOROTHY
PAGET, OWNER OF MAGIC BARDMRS. VICTOR TABOR AND MRS. J. EVANS MAKING
TRACKS FOR THE PADDOCKA WELL-KNOWN TRAINER: WALTER
EARL AND HIS DAUGHTER

The first day of the Hurst Park Meeting rewarded those courageous enough to make a start in wet weather, for the heavy rain soon stopped and the racing was well worth watching. Captain Brownhill was one of several well-known G.R.s taking part in the opening chase. This event was won by Sir Peter Grant-Lawson on his own horse, Aspirant, which he hopes to ride in the Grand National. Major-General Anthony, who was appointed Director-General, War Office, in 1929, has some horses in the charge of O. Anthony, and ran Rampant in the Walton Selling Chase. The winner of this race was the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Magic Bard. Mrs. Monty Rayson was formerly Miss Betty Mann-Thompson, and Mrs. J. Evans is still happily remembered as Miss Camille Clifford. Her husband, Major Evans, trains with C. V. Tabor at Holly Lodge, Epsom. Another distinguished trainer present at Hurst Park was Walter Earl, from Racing H.Q. His daughter, Miss Joan Earl, came too, looking very trim

THE UNITED HUNTS' BALL



MISS JEANNE STOURTON AND
MISS CLARE ELWES



INCLUDED ARE: MISS JASMIN BLIGH, MR. HALLAM HORNE, MISS PEGGY MEYER, MR. JOHN TYLEE, MR. COOPER, M.F.H. AND MISS EVE GREY



LT.-COL. BILL AND MRS. SELBY-LOWNDES, SIR RICHARD AND LADY CRUISE,
AND MRS. J. O. M. CLARKE



MISS GLADYS LOWTHER AND SIR CHARLES FANE



LADY BIRKENHEAD AND SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL

The second ball of the United Hunts of Great Britain, which was held again at the Savoy, was as well run as the first one last year. It was in aid of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, and under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of York. A large number of hunts were represented, and in this picture are the famous ex-Master of the Whaddon, Lt.-Col. Selby-Lowndes, and Sir Dick Cruise, who is also well known in that country. Mr. Cooper is the Master of the South Hertfordshire. The horn-blowing contest which happened during the proceedings, was judged by the Whaddon ex-Master—and a good Judge too!

JUST WE THREE

Mrs. Alan Adair
and her daughters,
Bridget and Julia

*Photographs by
Yevonde*



GOOD FRIENDS: BRIDGET AND JULIA ADAIR

Captain and Mrs. Alan Adair's daughters are an engaging couple, and being much of an age play most happily together. Julia is the younger, and they have an eleven-year-old brother. Mrs. Adair, a sister of the Hon. Lady Erskine and Lady Godfrey-Faussett, was Miss Enid Dudley Ward before her marriage. Her husband, Sir Shafto Adair's only son, is in the Grenadiers, and was appointed to command London's Military Police in 1929



MRS. ALAN ADAIR



BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD: MR. RAYMOND MASSEY AND MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN (MRS. MASSEY)

Mr. Raymond Massey is going to Hollywood to direct pictures, and his wife to act, as she has been offered a five-year contract at £10,000 a year by Paramount. Miss Adrienne Allen made a great personal hit in the part of Celia Johnson in the New York production of "Cynara"; and Mr. Raymond Massey has been playing Hamlet recently in Mr. Norman Bel-Geddes' very modernistic production

AN Englishman touring Canada was staying in a way-side hotel. One night it was very cold, and the Englishman, feeling it pretty badly, came downstairs early next morning to get warm. At the same time a trapper, who had been out looking at his traps, came in at the door. Icicles were hanging from his moustache, and with a pitying expression the Englishman looked at him, and exclaimed: "By Jove! old man, what room did you sleep in?"

There was a loud report. Brown stopped his car and got out. One glance at his near-side front tyre told him that it was punctured. He then discovered that he was without a spare wheel. "This *would* happen when I was in a hurry," he grumbled to himself.

Just then he noticed a large general store. "What have you got in the shape of motor tyres?" he asked the boy behind the counter.

"Lots of things," replied the lad. "Funeral wreaths, invalid cushions, and dough-nuts."

"I'm afraid I haven't much to offer you to eat," said the young housewife to the tramp. "But there is some cake. Would you like that?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the day before the annual cricket match between the rival village teams. The vicar of the village and chairman of the home club called on the captain and gave him some money with which to buy a new ball and a new bat.

"That may help you to gain a few runs and take a few wickets," he told the captain.

The following afternoon, five minutes before the match had been advertised to start, the vicar again approached the captain. "Did you get the bat and ball?" he asked.

"No! Bats and balls won't help us," replied the captain. "I gave the money to the umpire."

Bubble and Squeak

The vicar was paying a visit to the houses of his poorer parishioners, and in one of the houses he asked a good many questions about the family. A very grubby but very cheerful little boy attracted the kindly cleric's attention, and he asked him his name.

"Reginald d'Arcy Smif, Sir," replied the boy, with a grin.

The vicar turned to the boy's father. "What made you give the boy a name like that?" he asked.

"'Cos I want 'im ter be a professional boxer," returned the parent, "an' wiv a name like that he'll get plenty o' practice at school."

Smith, after picking up a glove, hung it over a fence, remarking to his companion: "I believe in being honest. Some woman is sure to come looking for it."

A little farther on he came across another glove. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I believe that's the fellow of the other one. I must go back and get it. I'll take them home for the wife."

The owner of a large business was interviewing applicants for the post of office-boy. He had a boy in front of him, and was asking him all manner of questions. "Now," went on the employer, "I'm looking for someone who must be exceptionally sharp and who must cost me very little."

"Well," said the boy, "I reckon you'd better send out for a lemon."



THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN

Clements Lytle

The most recent portrait of her Grace, which was taken at Government House, Hillsborough, Co. Down, Northern Ireland. The Duke of Abercorn was appointed Governor of Northern Ireland in 1922. He is a former Treasurer to the Household (King Edward VII). The Duchess of Abercorn is a sister of the present Earl of Lucan.



Elizabeth Arden's Lotions

• Miss Arden's Lotions are exhilarating . . . cooling . . . refreshing . . . but more than that they are highly important factors in the plan for beauty which she has so carefully made. Theirs is the important task of firming, clearing and healing the skin. From Skin Tonic and Astringent the cells receive their setting-up exercises, the blood its impetus to course gaily through the veins. Lille Lotion furnishes a flower-like finish and serves as a superb foundation for make-up. There are also the healing lotions that clear the skin of eruptions. Preparations as vital as these to the skin's welfare and beauty must be absolutely pure • The perfection of the ingredients used in Miss Arden's preparations, and the scientific cleanliness of the laboratory itself, are well known. But there is yet another step to insure the purity of Miss Arden's lotions: *Filtration*. Skin Tonic is passed through layer after layer of specially prepared filter paper, before it is bottled. No impurity could possibly survive this process. The lotions for special purposes are filtered until they are flawlessly pure under the microscope. The powder content of Lille Lotion is sifted as thoroughly as Ardena Powder • Nothing less than perfection satisfies Miss Arden. No product of hers is permitted to touch your skin unless it meets with her standards of purity . . . standards as incorruptible as her integrity . . . as sincere as her deep interest in making women lovelier

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ELIZABETH ARDEN

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Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE"

By

THE appeal by the Masters of the Meynell Hounds to their patrons not to jump fences, big or little, unnecessarily, but to go through the gates whenever possible, I feel sure will not fall upon deaf

English an institution as the Grand National Steeplechase should have to wait for an American author to bring it up to date. It is a reproach to English diligence. Mr. Munroe has done very well, and made the best of the enormous amount of material—previous books upon the same subject, etc., etc.—which was at his disposal. It is a book, of course, which ought to have been written by an Arthur Coventry or a Roddy Owen, or anyone else who had actually ridden in this or any other great steeplechases, and ridden a great deal; but Mr. Munroe brings such enthusiasm to his work that the fact of his not having been an "actor" hardly seems to matter at all. He is in love with his subject, and,

this being so, he was bound to make a success of it. There are a few errors; but no one ever has made anything without making mistakes. The Foxhunters' Chase is not a race on the same terms as the Grand National, as the weights are 12 st. all round.

Again, on page 15, the author speaks of Irish horses as "animals which had been schooled to crawl up and down Irish banks." They do not do it that way. "Crawling" would result in almost inevitable disaster. In his observations about the earliest origins of steeplechasing, I have looked in vain for any mention of the famous event from Buttevant Church to St. Leger Church, or that other later one from Barkby Holt to The Coplow and back, in which so many great celebrities took part, including Hugo Meynell, the Master of the Quorn.



SHOOTING AT HAMSWELL: SIR JOHN AND LADY MILBANKE

Part of the house party which Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Lœl Guinness had for their recent shoot at Hamswell House, near Bath. Sir John Milbanke is the son of the late Sir John Milbanke, V.C., 10th Hussars, who was killed gallantly leading his yeomanry command at the Gallipoli landing. He got his V.C. in South Africa. Lady Milbanke was formerly Lady Loughborough



LORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH AND LORD COCHRANE OF CULTS

at Lord Wimborne's recent shoot at Sherwood Lodge, Nottingham. Lord Weymouth, who married the Hon. Daphne Vivian, is the Marquess of Bath's son. Lord Cochrane of Cults is a younger son of the late Lord Dundonald

ears in either that hunt or in any other. In some, I feel it in my bones, such an injunction will be received with a gasp of relief, because, as we know, there is one line in *Handley Cross* which, like "William the Conqueror, 1066," in the book of English history, has burnt itself into the memories of so many foxers and even mere ordinary horse-back riders. The observation made by Mr. John Jorrocks which I have in mind is: "A fall's a hawful thing"—and the author's elaboration about what it feels like to have a great sixteen-stone horse sitting on your chest makes the thing all the more grim. It was one of the cruellest things Surtees ever did to call attention to this ever-present possibility of the fox-chase, and it has given more people the creeps when an unavoidable obstacle looms up through the steam and splash of the chase, than any other bit of prose of which I can think. Quite seriously, however, I hope Sir William Bass' and Sir Peter Farquhar's words will sink in deeply. If you know, or think you know, how to sit at the jumps, there is no necessity at all to hop the top twig or the top rail to tell the world—also, showing off is such bad form. If, on the other hand, you do not know how to sit at the jumps, you do not add either to the artistic effect of the landscape or the knowledge of equitation of the on-looker by doing an out-on-the-bowsprit act, or dismounting in an irregular manner. Anyway, the farmer is the fellow of whom we must all think first, last, and all the time.

"The Grand National, 1839-1931," by Mr. David Headley Munroe (Heinemann), has been sent to me for review, and it is only fair to say at once that it is a fine monument to its author's diligence. Mr. Munroe is, I understand, a citizen of the United States of America, and it seems to me that it is a curious anomaly that so essentially

In the "Author's Note" at the beginning of the book he says: "Another writer, who flourished more recently, is horrified because certain of the obstacles in the early days of the race are spoken of as hurdles." The "another writer" happens to be myself. I thought, and still think, it wrong to talk of a fence as a "hurdle." It is a good book, and one that has been wanted for a long time past, and I congratulate the author heartily. The book is beautifully turned out by Messrs. Heinemann, and copiously and very well illustrated.



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. LÖEL GUINNESS

The host and hostess at the recent shoot at Hamswell House. The Hon. Mrs. Lœl Guinness is a daughter of the late Lord Churston, and was the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller. Mr. Lœl Guinness, M.P., is a kinsman of Lord Ardilaun, whose peerage is extinct

Photographs by Arthur Owen

(Continued on p. vi)

IF HAMLET'S PROBLEM

had been
the choice of a
fine old 'Scotch',
he would never
have exclaimed
'To be or not
to be?'

When it's a question
of good whisky
it's sure 'to be'—



KING GEORGE IV



A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

THERE has been so much dissatisfaction expressed at the form shown in most of the club matches this season, to say nothing of the International games, that it seems desirable to make an early announcement as to the Inter-Service Tournament. When the Services meet we are at any rate sure of seeing two sides go all out, and of

The Scottish authorities were evidently satisfied with their pack, as well they might be, and have only made one change, bringing in W. N. Roughead, the hooker, who already has nearly a dozen caps to his credit. They have dropped G. P. S. Macpherson, who has been heavily criticised for his display against the Springboks. This is rather unfair, for the

weather was all against his type of play, and everybody knows that he is at his best on the top of the ground. The sensible course would have been to ask "Mac" to stand down, and he would probably have been only too glad to do so. It will not be in the least surprising to see him at Twickenham on March 19.

The English team v. Ireland has not been announced at the moment of writing, but one imagines that some changes may be made from the side that lost to Wales. It is fairly clear that the forwards are not powerful enough; they cannot get the ball, and the best backs in the world are useless in such case. It was rather surprising to see D. J. Norman selected against Wales, and somebody else may now be given a chance. H. Rew has been out of favour, and perhaps out of form, this season, but he is essentially a big-match player, and he is never beaten. That England v. the Rest trial, not for the first time, did our Rugby no good.

Though we are not doing too well so far, hope is not yet at

an end. We may give Ireland a good game, and Scotland have not yet won the Twickenham match. We have found two or three good youngsters, R. A. Gerrard gives promise of a brilliant future, and young N. L. Evans, of the R.N.C., Keyham, which produced so many famous footballers in the first decade of this century, made a most satisfactory international debut at Swansea. C. Webb, of the Royal Marines, has been a success, and so has the Northern forward, J. McD. Hodgson. And R. J. Barr looks like developing into the full back England has been looking for since K. A. Sellar's palmy days.



THE OLD ALLEYNIAHS BEAT THE OLD HAILEYBURIANS

R. S. Cripp

The Old Alleynians won this match at Dulwich Common, by three tries (9 points) to one (3 points). Whiteley, Griffith and Frankford being the scorers and Droogleever got the losers' try. It was a good hustling game all the way. The names in the group above are (left to right), standing: Mr. R. L. Allport (Referee), D. L. MacLean, G. E. Hyson, C. J. Mates, K. R. Pettifer, G. D. Griffith, J. MacCallum, C. Hewett, A. S. Davies, McC. Christison (Hon. Treasurer). Sitting: K. H. Stark, A. M. Dixon, E. C. Whiteley, A. F. Heppenstall (Captain), R. S. Hellier, D. H. Frankford, G. Bethell-Jones.

knowing that the men will be fit. And that is a good deal in these degenerate days. The first game is Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force, on February 13, at Twickenham; the second, and most important of the three, is Royal Navy v. Army, on March 5; and the third, Army v. Royal Air Force, on March 26. These dates should be noted, for these games may prove to be the bright spots in a rather drab season. The Navy took the championship last year without having their line crossed, and are at present favourites again. But the Army will have something to say, and you never know what Jock Hartley may have up his sleeve.

January 23 and January 30 were both free from international fixtures, a fact which makes the clashing of two great games on January 16 the more inexplicable. Both those matches resulted according to expectation, for Wales were universally tipped to beat England, and few people really thought that Scotland could outplay the South Africans. H. Lind's brilliant try in the first few minutes at Murrayfield gave the Scottish crowd ground for hope, but he could never repeat the feat, though he tried often enough—too often, in fact. Perhaps it would have been better for Scotland had he not succeeded in his first dash for the line. Many years ago a burly English centre scored a similar try at Inverleith. "That's lost England the match," was the cynical comment of an experienced on-looker. And it was so, for the English centre spent the afternoon trying to do it again, and in the end Scotland won comfortably.



THE OLD HAILEYBURIANS XV.

R. S. Cripp

The team which went down, fighting hard, 9 to 3 to the Old Alleynians (above), in the recent match at Dulwich Common. The names in the picture are (left to right), standing: R. F. Droogleever, Pitt Tucker, A. S. Cash, T. D. Day, R. P. Brown, J. H. Shoolbred, K. W. Graham, Foster, G. V. Lazenby (Touch Judge). Sitting: A. M. Greenwood, V. S. Venables, H. F. W. Holmes, R. F. Bonallack (Captain), T. D. Craven, E. E. L. Clark, H. A. Corsallis.



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JANUARY

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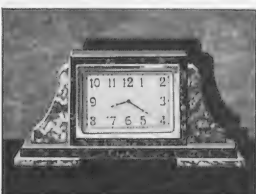
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JANUARY PRICE £4. 8. 6

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16/- and £1. 2. 6

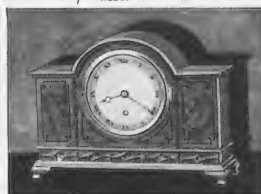
Sterling Silver Muffin Dish £5

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8-day Clock in Marble Case £8

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8-day Clock in Walnut Case
£8. 10. 0

JANUARY PRICE £6. 17. 6



Sterling Silver Tea Set £7. 5. 0

JANUARY PRICE £5. 15. 0

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Once Again,

IN these days one naturally does a good deal of one's driving in the dark (a state of affairs that some of the makers of our lighting sets do not, according to the condition of the batteries, seem sufficiently to have taken into account), and one has, accordingly, ample opportunity for making observations. Amongst the facts to be recorded—which is easily established when there is a wisp of mist about—is that the vast majority of head-lamps, and practically all side-lamps, are incorrectly aimed. Probably the former are improperly focussed, too. Now there is a 14-h.p. Hillman which I have been driving for over three years, and she has behaved so well that I have nothing but praise for her. She has good lamps, and when I first got her I determined to make the best of them. Thus I fixed them so that they all pointed in the desired direction—the head-lamp beams being inclined distinctly to the left, and that on the near side distinctly downwards. Over this little job I took quite a deal of trouble. Not long ago she had to be re-cellulosed, and the other night I drove her in her new coat. It was really quite a painful experience. For the head-beams were just wrong. Doubtless they had been fixed according to some scientific plan, but whatever the plan was it was a poor thing. I couldn't see what I was doing, and consequently felt nervous and fidgety, and to make matters worse, everybody I met must needs flicker his lamps at me. I had had quite enough of it on the outward journey, so before turning home I spent a few busy moments with a spanner, and got the rays where I wanted them. The result was really quite astonishing. Not only did it enable me, in perfect comfort and confidence, to average all the speed of which "Hilda" is capable—which is not despicable—but out of the scores of cars that I had to meet scarcely a single driver did the silly flash-light business at me. And so long as my lamps were all right I didn't care a single hoot what theirs were like. There is a moral in this, since the adjustment I had to make was really extraordinarily small, yet it made all the difference. I question whether it could have been done in daylight at all, but with the aid of a high-hedged lane it was quickly carried out. And I am reinforced in my conviction that if all lamps on cars were properly aimed, and kept properly aimed, we should hear very little more of the dazzle trouble.

Tender Consideration.

Occasionally on a cold morning an engine is docile hard to start, simply because the plug-points have collected a little spot of condensed moisture. No one, I may say, has ever been able to explain to me why this phenomenon occurs only now and again instead of quite regularly. Almost needless to say, when it happens, away goes all the ginger out of the battery, so that the starter groans dismally instead of tackling its job enthusiastically. Well, this happened to me t'other day. I have a rooted objection to using a starting-handle, but like the "Proosian Bates" I am, in some matters at least, "a downy bird." Hence I exploited my valuable knowledge that if I ran with the side-lamps on I could get an eight-ampère charge, whereas with said side-lights off I could get only five. So for two or three days I must have been a perfect nuisance to most of the folks I met in my travels. Some in the best spirit of the traditional Samaritan blinked their lights at me—and it is a curious but nevertheless a perfectly true thing that two of these kindly souls were entirely unconscious that their own head-lamps were needlessly blazing away in the bright winter sunshine. Others (for whom I am

sorry, and to whom I tender apologies) clearly deduced that I was just come from a fog-belt into which they were soon to be plunged. In a traffic block a jolly policeman—I mean to say he looked as though he ought to be jolly, instead of which he was a bit sore at the edges—told me about my side-lamps so gruffly that I could not resist asking him whether I was contravening the law. Then his great healthy ham of a face cracked into a smile and I explained to him that I had a reason for my unwonted enthusiasm. Keen, indeed, was I after my extra three amps, but after half a day of it I decided that I had better restrict my indulgence in them to the comparatively deserted roads of the open country. Who says that the camaraderie of the highway is dead? Believe me, it is very much alive, and glad I am to see it, even though I have lately enjoyed it under entirely false pretences. But that, I might suggest, is rather the fault of the dynamo maker than my own.

Young Hopefuls.

I'm not sure that I love the modern small boy, but I begin to have an almost a'arming respect for him. Through his agency I got one back on Mrs. P. V. the other day, and I don't mind telling you that this is a definitely "seldom" business. Since she wanted the car I had been popped into a train. It was almost empty, but my magnetic personality attracted a lady with a bevy of male offspring. "Sucking Sherlock Holmes" of the Pink-eye Patrol," as Mr. Kipling's Mr. Pycroft might have described them. One of them quickly pointed out to his fellows that the apparently new "loco" in an adjacent siding was only a "re-paint"—just as though it had been a blessed golf-ball. Another blackmailed his mother into buying sticks and sticks of chocolate—and if there is anything viler than hearing and seeing the mastication of this at something-to-nine in the morning, I would like to know what it might be. The restless young devils opened the door so that I was frozen by the gale, and one of them trod on my sole corn. They did many other things trying to the growingly-elderly. But I forgive them for this little conversation: "See that lady in the Humber in the station yard?" "What about her?" "Stopped her engine twice trying to get out." "That wasn't a Humber; it was a Hillman." "I saw it, 1929 model, blue saloon." "Yes, with a lovely big chow in the back . . . it was a Hillman." "Not much of a chow; uncle knows all about those, and he says they've got to have flat, square faces. This one had quite a long nose." "Anyhow, the lady stopped her engine twice . . . why, I'd have known better than that. Wouldn't like her to drive me." And so forth and thus wise. I was minded to buy them much more chocolate, even if I had to be sick. But the purveyor had disappeared and the train was getting under way. "Have any difficulty, darling, about getting the car away from the station this morning?" I meekly asked at dinner. "Difficulty?" asked Mrs. P. V. indignantly. "What sort of difficulty should I have?"



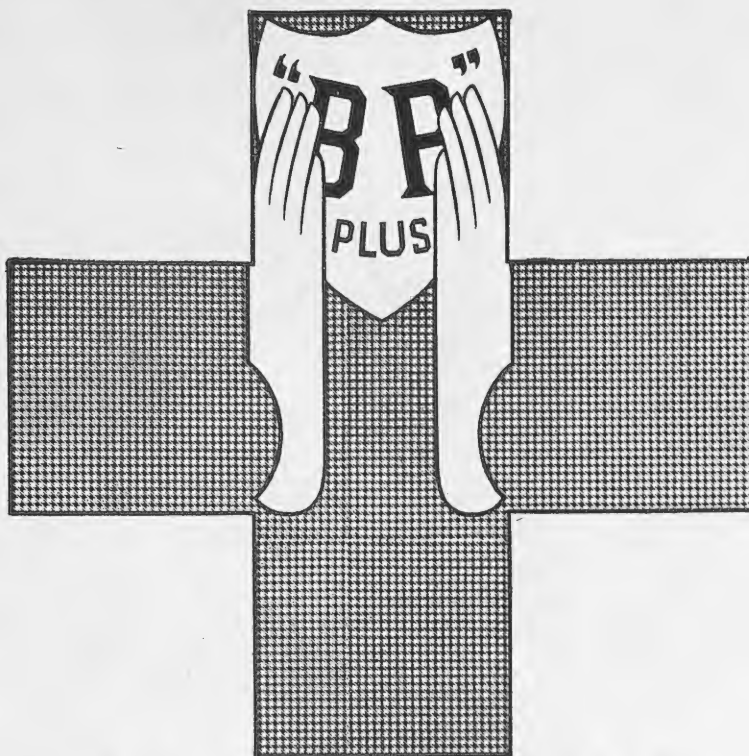
SIGNOR DINO GRANDI

By Avtori

A wonderful "likeness" collected at first hand by the famous caricaturist-singer. Signor Grandi is Italy's Foreign Minister, a very familiar figure in world politics and particularly familiar at that great clearing-house of international tangles at Geneva.

Once again the Durban-Johannesburg light car record has been broken. Recently its time was reduced to 10½ hours, but Mr. Gordon Collins, the well-known South African racing motorist who has previously been mainly associated with large foreign cars, has just attacked it and lowered it by no less than 71 min. Mr. Collins, who was driving a 9-h.p. Riley tourer, reports that the road conditions were atrocious. Nevertheless, he averaged 45.2 m.p.h. over the 421 miles.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



AHOY!

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HOW IT CAN BE DONE. By Will Allen

THEY were sitting in the smoking-room of the club in London talking over all sorts of different matters concerning the sea when someone mentioned that he had heard that there was a good deal of illicit trade going on since the coast-guard had been so drastically cut down.

"Well," said Ackwell, "I can tell you a bit about that if you want to know anything about it, because I've had a little to do with it myself." "Go ahead," said Jones. "There are no preventive officers' members of this club, so you won't be giving anything away."

"I don't know if I come out of this very well," said Ackwell. "But it was real good fun planning the show and better still carrying it out. It all started in much the same way as we are sitting here now, in this very room. I and Hebworth—you know who I mean, the fellow who served in 'Q' boats during the War—were having a whisky and soda after dinner one night and got on this smuggling subject. I was rather interested in it and we discussed how easy it would be to run a cargo, as they say, on certain parts of the coast, especially in South Devon, which was well known to both of us.

"Anyway, to make a long story short, we finally decided to have a look round and see if we could turn an honest, or dishonest, penny by carrying out a little smuggling on our own account.

"You know what a popular fellow Hebworth is with the girls. Well, he knew some long-haired chums who ran one of those high-class dress shops up here in London, and having approached them in the proper veiled manner, it was finally decided that they would pay for silk and other materials, even stockings, if we could produce the goods at a price reasonably below what they had to pay for obtaining them in the ordinary manner.

"After some time we got a detailed list of what was required, and I took a trip over to the Continent and visited Lyons and other places to see what I could arrange in the way of buying. That all went very well, and having placed my orders and paid a deposit, I arranged for the goods to be sent off addressed to me to a destination to be disclosed later.

"The next thing to do was to arrange about a vessel for the trip. Well, you know my old converted M.L. that is generally to be found rotting in Exmouth Dock. She seemed to be the only thing available, and she had been having a good overhaul with the help of the faithful James, my ex-Navy chauffeur-mechanic, during the past fortnight, and she was once more quite sea-worthy. Hebworth and I then packed our bags, and got into his old Vauxhall car and drove down to Exmouth, and went on board the M.L. to live.

"Our next trouble was to decide where to ship our cargo on the French side and where to land it on the English side. As a matter of fact we had practically decided on the place of disembarkation, but the loading port was not so easy. We had heard that there was a kind of working agreement between the French *douaniers* and our Customs chaps on this side, so we finally decided to take on our stuff at Brest as being less likely to attract attention than one of the ports actually on the Channel. Also we had an agent friend at Brest to whose care we consigned our goods. These actually consisted of a dozen or so bolts of silk; I don't know if that is the right name for them, but they were about the size of a bolt of Navy canvas. Then we had four fair-sized boxes of silk stockings and two boxes of other stuff that made, I think, eighteen or twenty packages in all. As a matter of fact, before sailing we took on a dozen good brandy as well for our own use.

"I must go back a bit now and tell you that before leaving England we decided to land the cargo at a small beach between Sidmouth and Seaton, which lies at the end of a rather deep little valley running down to the sea. This was very convenient for our job, as there was a disused barn just back of the beach, and the whole place is very deserted and lonely, the nearest house being a good half mile away.

"Back at Exmouth we filled up the Vauxhall's tank and gave her a good look over, put four spare cans of petrol in the back and a black waterproof rug. I don't know whether you have ever seen old Hebworth's machine, but she is an ordinary open four-seater that had once been painted a dark green, but is now rather a nondescript colour. When all our arrangements were made and everything 'cut and dried,' we went up to Exeter one evening and had a grill and visited the local music hall, and about 10.45 got the car from the garage where we had left her and motored out along the Honiton Road, taking it easy, as we

were not anxious to get to our destination before about 12.30 or 1 a.m. In Honiton we turned right and made up over the moor, where we pulled up and put the lights out and sat smoking and talking in undertones for about an hour and a half, during which time we never saw a soul. Then we pushed on again into Colyford, turned left up Trow Hill and its hair-pin bend, and on along the Seaton Road, at last turning into the lane that led down to our beach. It was a dark night, the last of the moon only rising early in the morning, and for the last three miles we used only our side lights so as not to make the car conspicuous.

"Having arrived at the shore we put the Vauxhall into the old barn and closed the doors; making ourselves as comfortable as possible we slept till 5 a.m., when we got up and left the barn, closing the doors carefully behind us and praying the owner would not decide to make use of it for the next few days. It was just dawning, and there was every promise of a fine day as we started off to walk in to Sidmouth. We had brought a few ham sandwiches in our pockets, and these we ate as we went along, thinking it better not to breakfast in Sidmouth but to get back as soon as possible to the M.L. at Exmouth and get away to sea whilst the weather held good.

"We arrived at Sidmouth Station in time to catch a train for Exmouth, and got there during the forenoon, went on board at once, and got all ready for sea, as the dock gates would be open about 2.30 p.m. As soon as the gates were opened we started up our twin engines and, casting off our warps, steamed out of the dock and away to sea, shaping a course for the Le Four Lighthouse on the French coast. We cleared for sea at the Custom House before leaving.

"It may have seemed rather a small crew, but with James to do what little was required to the engines, Hebworth and myself took spells at the wheel all night, and at about 4 a.m. we raised the Vierge Light and then the Four, passed through the Four Channel about 8.30 a.m., and were anchored in Brest Commercial Port soon after 1.

"After a good luncheon we went ashore and saw our pal the agent and found that all the stuff had arrived at his office. Now you cannot ship a lot of gear, like we wanted to, without some inquisitive *douanier* asking questions, but no notice is taken of gear going off in the ordinary way in a yacht's dingy. So that evening we made two trips to the shore at fairly long intervals, and took some off each time. We stayed aboard that evening and had a good night in, and next day got all the rest of it off unobtrusively. About 5.30 p.m., having said good-bye to our agent friend, we got under way and ran out of Brest and down the Iroise, and anchored at 8.15 in a small bay on the east side of the Chenal du Four. We were under way again about 4 a.m., and hoped to be off our landing-place soon after midnight.

"We had most wonderful luck with the weather, and had an ideal night for the job. There was not even a swell and, having picked up the Start and later Berry Head, we finally arrived off our beach with all lights out about 2.30 a.m. We worked in to about three fathoms and let go a kedge anchor with a grass warp, very quietly, got the dingy over, and loaded her with half the stuff, hoping all the time there was no one watching us.

"But all went well. We left the packages on the beach and returned for the rest. Having got that ashore, we went up to the barn and found the car just as we left it. We carried all the gear up and packed it into the back of the car, covered it with the rug, and then started her up, and Hebworth drove off at once, whilst I hurried back to the dingy and got on board. James and I hoisted the dingy, weighed the kedge, and stood out to sea.

"By the time it was dawning I was a good ten miles out and shaped a course for Dartmouth, where I arrived at 8.30 a.m. with my red ensign at the masthead, and anchored off Kingswear. The Customs came aboard about 10 a.m., and all was well. They asked no questions and I told no lies. Anyway, no more than were necessary.

"As for Hebworth, he motored to the private house of one of his shop-keeper lady friends and safely delivered the goods. Eventually, when we went into the expenses of the whole thing, although we had not made much of a profit, we had had a lot of fun. But we have not done it again, as the saving point in the whole game was the wonderful weather.

"Well, there you are, and although it was breaking the law, it was jolly good fun, and I hope you chaps won't give me away."



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NOW is the time, good people, to see that your stylo pens are in proper working order.

Next week the first of those dear little forms will appear in "Britannia and Eve" which you must fill up, and quickly, if you want to compete in their foursomes. The foursomes of the moment are the Northern, which are to be played at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's on April 4 and following days. The architects have been busy there, so that you no longer start off with a long-short hole, but tee up instead for one of the longest of the whole eighteen. That will be less nerve-racking, possibly, when it comes to a 19th hole, and at all events everybody says that R. Lytham and St. Anne's is better than ever. The Northern have been there twice



Good partners: Miss Marjorie White and Miss Nan Baird (right), the winners of "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes in 1931

who would back themselves to beat them, even under handicap; all the bolder because Miss Wilson is very wisely taking a complete rest from golf during the winter, so that she will come to it again like a giant refreshed when the Spring season starts.

The actual foursomes are not going to be the only attraction this year, although, of course, they never are the only attraction when you go to a club like Lytham, where hospitality and potted shrimps greet you at every turn. But before ever we get busy with the foursomes—except in the matter of practice—there will be a chance for those popular mortals, who can wheedle an invitation out of a member of the Girls' Golfing Society, to play over the St. Anne's old links. The Girls' Golfing Society are holding their Spring meeting there by way of an experiment and an answer to those critics who complained that the society was no good to northern golfers. In the afternoon they will have foursomes, and people who never have been, and therefore never can be, girls, in the golfing sense of the term, can be invited by their girl friends to play either with or against them in the afternoon foursomes. That means, amongst other things, that there will be a great many girls in the Northern Foursomes, which is all to the good. Nobody nowadays looks on foursomes as an old man's game (or an old woman's, either, for that matter), and remembering how well Miss Nan Baird did with Miss Dorothy Marshall in the Northern last year, and how she and Miss Marjorie White won at Ranelagh, the only question seems to be which of two good partners Miss Baird will choose if she manages to get down from Scotland and the others to come



Mrs. Clement and Miss Diana Plumpton backing each other up. They tied for the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Cup at Ganton last year

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

before, once when Mrs. Croasdale and Miss Higham came through, and later when Miss Mabel Wragg and Mrs. O. Jones won. It is too early to say who may do what this year, but Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Hartill mean to try their luck together again as they did at Woodhall last year, and it would be a bold couple

Details of the rest of the "Britannia and Eve" competitions of the year are now available. St. George's Hill are lending both their courses for the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes on April 21, the day after the Ranelagh International Meeting. Cruden Bay in Aberdeenshire will be the scene of the Scottish Foursomes, June 14 to 17. The Girls' Championship will be at Stoke Poges on September 14 to 16, and the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 4 to 7.

The interesting speculation is, how will the holders of all these things fare? The Northern Foursomes cups are for the second successive time held by Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Rudgard and Miss Cotgrave hold the Spring Medal, Miss Purvis-Russell Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker hold the Scottish, Miss Pauline Doran for the second time the Girls', and Miss Nan Baird and Miss Marjorie White the Autumn. At Roehampton there are no cups to defend, because the winners, in this case Mrs. C. H. Parry and Miss Hardie, automatically pass up into the Ranelagh tournament for the next year.

It is good hearing that the recent Golf Ball at Grosvenor House realized a net sum for St. Mary's Hospital of over £600. The golf committee is to be retained permanently in the hope of making the Ballan annual fixture, and the members thereof have been elected hon. life governors of the hospital, a distinction which they all appreciate not a little. J. H. Taylor has been their spokesman in voicing this appreciation, and the rest are not less proud of the honour.

up from Lincolnshire and London respectively. Lytham is near enough to Scotland for there to be hopes of some of the Scotties coming South to the Northern this year just by way of retaliation for the English invasion which did its best in the Scottish Foursomes at Gullane last year.

Something else is coming over the Border too to Lytham, and that is a Challenge Cup from Mrs. Dunlop Hill, which is to be the chief award of a consolation competition in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. The ladies' branch of the R. Lytham and St. Anne's Club have most nobly come forward and lent their nine-hole course, and so from the Wednesday till the Friday players who have been defeated in the foursomes, or have entered after the limit was reached and so been relegated to the waiting list, will be able to take out as many cards as they like over nine holes to compete for Mrs. Dunlop Hill's Challenge Cup. At the same time they will know that they are putting money directly and without any deduction into the coffers of the N.P.F.A. A shilling for the first card and sixpence for every succeeding one; that is going to ruin nobody, but it will mount up into quite a nice fat little contribution by the time the week is through. And if anybody wants more golf than she will get at St. Anne's in the week beginning April 4, she must have a gargantuan appetite.



Miss Dorrit Wilkins and her snail. She is champion of Essex and has been runner-up in the Girls' Championship for two successive years

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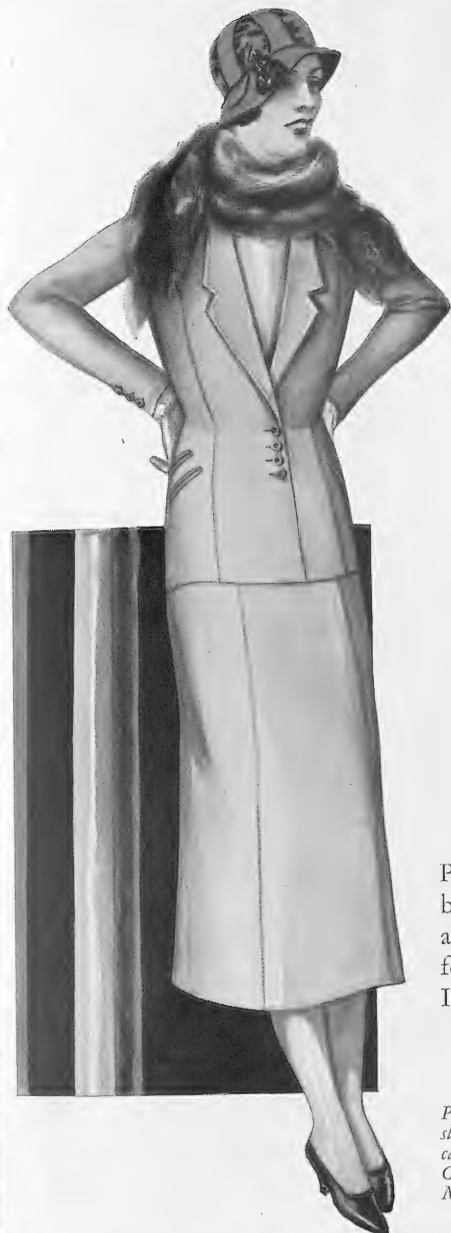
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MODEL B 5325 (above on left). A charming afternoon Wrap in Black Silk Marocain, with collar of Mink finished with scarf end of self material - 20 gns.

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Or trimmed with Moleskin - 17 gns.

MODEL B 5326 (on right). A new Model Wrap in Black Silk Marocain, with collar and new shaped revers trimmed with Solongoi (dyed Chinese Ermine) - 19½ gns.
Or in all Silk Marocain, without fur trimming - 13½ gns.



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The Highway

By M. E.

Carefully Thought-out Details.

GREAT care is being exercised in planning the Spring outfit, and it is the details on which attention is being focused. Lady Alethea Buxton has imparted a decidedly original note to her brown woollen frock by a white yoke and a two-tone twisted scarf. It seems almost unnecessary to add that its position may be varied. The Hon. Mrs. W. Borthwick was recently seen in a black coat-frock with a cleverly arranged basque in front and gauntlet cuffs, the deep vest being of white satin. Lady Bayliss has a delightful Lido blue crêpe dress; godets are present in the collar and cross-over revers. It is little things like these that make such a difference. The Hon. Mrs. A. F. Wear is among those who like purple; she has a coat-frock of this colour reinforced with a fichu that is cleverly pleated.

The Charm of Chipmunk.

Chipmunk is making an attempt to oust fox from its present position. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava has an ensemble enriched with chipmunk. The short-waisted coat with its little shoulder cape is outlined with it, and there are touches of the same on the sleeves; her little round cap has a soft crown and is quartered with fur. It is a pleasant variation on the rather hard messenger boy's cap. It was at the Ritz that I saw a very



Here is a simple Spring frock with cardigan to match that Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, is making in a variety of materials, including 'wool crêpe de chine stockinette (non-fluff) and "Venetia." See p. ii

Many women to-day are allowing Emile, 24, Conduit Street, to dress their hair to suit the profile; a face may be beautified by the clever arrangement of a curl; a wave or an ear may be revealed or concealed. There are certain treatments for intensifying the most attractive shades in the tresses. Here are two new dressings; they may be achieved with the client's own hair or with the aid of a fashionable postiche

of Fashion

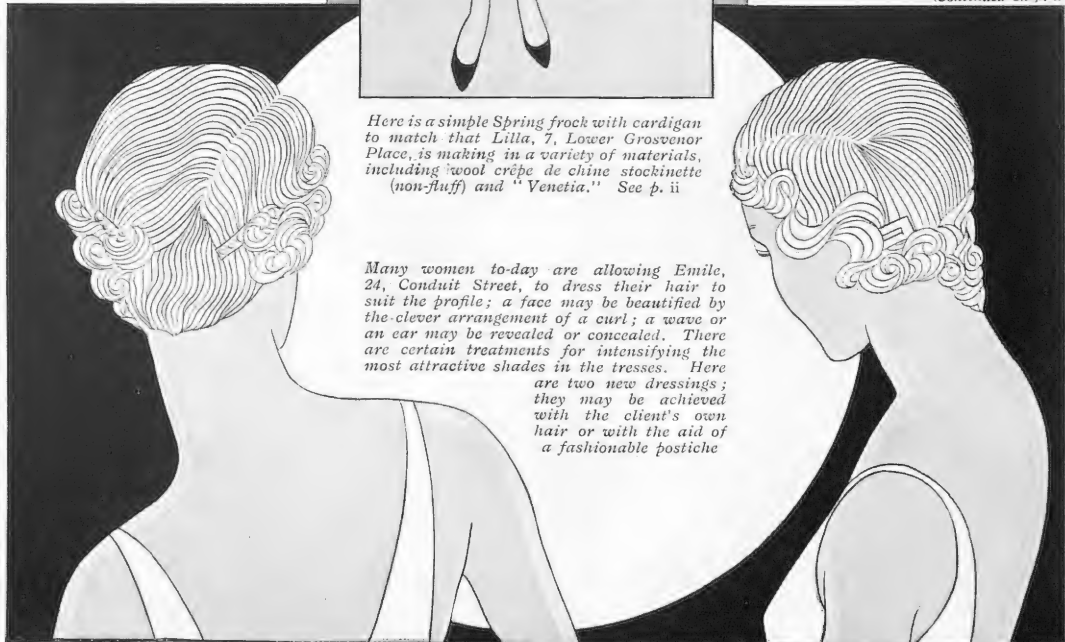
BROOKE

smart woman wearing a parti-coloured dress; it was carried out in beige and brown in one of the new moss wool fabrics. The lower part of the sleeves was dark and the upper light, the coat both back and front being divided into four squares. By the way, at a recent ball several débutantes were wearing black, including Miss Jeanne Stourton and Lady Patricia Moore.

Bouquets v. Fans.

Bouquets will have to look to their laurels if they are to maintain their position in the bridal retinue. A well-known florist is making a feature of a novelty, flowers being interspersed with ostrich feathers. Sometimes he uses them to take the place of asparagus fern. He is also creating fans with backgrounds of tulle for brides and bridesmaids, the colours chosen being admirable foils for the flowers. Lilies of the valley lend themselves admirably for this purpose. Several April brides are contemplating primrose fans with moss-green backgrounds and ribbons. This florist is also making miniature wedding cakes of flowers in the bridegroom's racing colours. They will remain fresh two or three weeks. I shall be pleased to send the name and address of this florist to all who write to me. He believes that there will be a great vogue for modernized versions of the early Victorian bouquet.

(Continued on p. ii)





SPECIALISED DEVELOPMENT

By devoting her showrooms at Eighteen Brook Street to Hats in all the latest phases—and her charming shop at Forty-two South Molton Street entirely to Blouses in their newest and most exclusive styles, Miss Barry is guiding the development of her business to meet the fashionable vogue for these accessories in the same specialised and personal manner in which she is continuing to guide the trend of distinctive Sports Clothes at SIXTY-FOUR New Bond Street.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Boot-Lace Ties.

There is really no other word to use except "knit wear" for the jumpers and suits for Spring wear about which everyone is talking, but how different is the fabric from what it was even a few seasons ago? In it are seen lace, moss, and shell stitches, and ice wool has been revived, which is good news. The jumpers, or as they are more often called, pull-overs, are particularly interesting; some of them are of white ice wool or lace stitch with an embroidered black spot, and are drawn up to the base of the column of the throat with what has been amusingly styled a boot-lace tie threaded through the material; it is loosely knotted and finished with a small shaving-brush tassel. Another idea is for the pull-over, no matter the fabricating medium, to be completed with a white piqué Eton collar, and of course there is the boot-lace tie. Sometimes the entire pull-over is arranged in vandyks, two or three colours being introduced. The majority are semi-transparent, which necessitates the wearing of decorative slips or camisoles; they are more often than not trimmed with an antique lace.

Gay Colours.

The knit-wear ensembles are in the gayest of colours—poppy-red, geranium-pink, cornflower-blue, emerald-green, and passion flower-purple. Very often two shades of a colour are present, the skirt and coat being dark and the corselet light. An attempt is being made to revive the lines of the Empire period. Frequently, when a dress has a lace-stitch design, the vest and part of the sleeves have a shell pattern. And the belt—well, it is of paramount importance; when it is about three inches wide in front it must not be more than about half-an-inch wide at the back; then the half-inch leather belt with a jewelled clasp has its rôle to play. An enterprising saddler might reap a rich harvest by making belts that were different with bags of a practical character to match. They would be welcomed by sportswomen all the world over.

Wide Shoulders.

Every day novel ideas are introduced to increase the width of the shoulders and have a slimming effect on the hips. Epaulettes are the dressmakers' greatest asset. Sometimes they are outlined with leopard skin, and there is a belt of this pelt. Flowers may be arranged to give width.

Inexpensive and Practical.

There is no doubt about it that the fashions sponsored by Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., are inexpensive and practical. She is responsible for the model pictured on p. 168; it is available in a variety of fabrics, including wool crêpe de chine, for £3 13s. 6d., or in wool venetia it is £6 6s.; these prices include cardigan. They are made to measure; there is, however, a slight extra charge for outsizes. A feature is likewise made of hand-smocked frocks; illustrations of the same appear in the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Again, there are the

Madame Barri. 33, New Bond Street, W., has designed and carried out this smart ensemble. The skirt (the upper portion is cut on almost Empire lines) and the coat are of one of the new wool fabrics, while the upper part of the dress is of white satin



Pictures by Blake

smocks made of reliable tub fabrics. A fact that cannot be made too well known is that this firm excel in remodelling and renovations. They declare that the fashions of to-day are particularly adaptable for the modernization of good garments that are now out of date.

A Study in Black and White.

Among the exclusive fashion houses none has assembled more graceful and becoming frocks, coats, hats, and their accessories than Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W. In her mid-winter collection she is showing the advance guard of her Spring models, many of which she has designed herself, including the affair illus-

trated on this page. The dress has a high skirt of almost the Empire genre; it is cut in deep vandyks and is attached to the white satin blouse; the latter is trimmed with tiny tucks which are arranged to have a slimming effect on the figure, and there is a neat turn-over collar; the sleeves are quite short and are finished with silver and black and embroidery. As will be seen the coat is short and is reinforced with epaulette sleeves.

Really Important Hats

Really important hats that are shaped on new lines, as well as those that suggest a beret with a difference, may be seen at Madame Barri's; an example of the former is worn by the figure portrayed on this page; it is carried out in black ciré straw and draped with a red-and-white scarf; another model was of black felt with a bandeau on one side; and then there is a pedal straw model; the brim is coiled off the face and faced with Petersham ribbon. Reverting to the suits, a most distinctive affair was expressed in red and green, showing almost a shell pattern; the skirt was green, while the short-sleeved jumper was green and cut on pinafore lines,

the rest being red, the scheme being completed with a triple dog-leash belt.

Slumber Helmets.

Among the manifold advantages of the "Ladye Jane" slumber helmets is that they keep the waves of hair in order during the hours of rest, and in addition to this they are quite comfortable to wear. They are sold practically everywhere; in cotton net they are from 1s. 3d. to 2s., in silk net 2s. 9d., and in Nottingham lace 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 6d. each. By the way, another much to be desired accessory are the Expanda cuff links, which save endless trouble in sleeve rolling.

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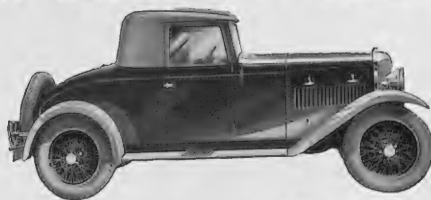
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS MARGARET HART

Ennott & Fry

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Hart of Hillcrest, Enfield Chase, Middlesex, who is engaged to Mr. Cornwallis St. Aubyn Ratcliffe of Kilvinton Hall, Enfield, the only son of the late Rev. C. E. S. Ratcliffe and of Mrs. Ratcliffe of Hove, Sussex, and formerly of Downham, Essex, and grandson of the late Admiral Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, Bart.

Miss Cynthia Pratt, the daughter of Cartwright of 28, Curzon Street, are being married in New York on February 16.

Next Month.

Mr. Hugh Burrow Hill and Miss Nancy Prichard are being married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on February 2; on the 4th, Mr. Robert Harrison Catto marries Miss Jean Laird at St. Saviour's Church, Oxtou, Birkenhead; on the same day there is the marriage between Mr. Gareth E. K. Thatcher and Miss M. Joyce Edwards, which is to take place very quietly at Holy Trinity Church, Burrington.

In U.S.A.

On January 30, Mr. John Rankin Rathbone, the second son of Mr. William Rathbone and Mrs. Rathbone of 2, North Street, Westminster, is marrying Miss Beatrice Clough, the daughter of the late Mr. F. Roland Clough and Mrs. Clough of 161, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and the wedding will take place in Boston; Mr. William McKenna Laughlin, the son of the late Mr. Thomas Laughlin of Pittsburgh, and

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Harry A. Macdonald, Royal Engineers, the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Macdonald, I.M.S., and Mrs. Macdonald of Toffield, Prestonkirk, and Miss Laurina



MISS CYNTHIA PEACOCK

Who is engaged to Surgeon Lieut.-Commander T. O. Summers, United States Navy, of New York and Richmond, Virginia, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Peacock of Burleigh, Derby

Lang, the daughter of the Rev. Marshall Lang, T.D., D.D., and Mrs. Lang of Whittingehame, East Lothian; Mr. George Edward Peter Thorncroft, the only son of Major Mervyn Thorncroft, D.S.O., of Dunston Hall,

Stafford, and Miss Carla Malagola, of 4, via delle Tre Madonne, Rome; Captain Francis L. Lee, M.C., Royal Artillery, the youngest son of the late Mr. J. W. Lee and of Mrs. Lee of Killoa, Co. Galway, and Miss Katharine Marian Mitchell, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Stephen Mitchell of Gilerscleugh, Lanarkshire, and of 82, Portland Place, W.; Mr. Christopher Nyholme Shawcross, the younger son of Mr. John Shawcross and Mrs. Shawcross of Duddleswell, Uckfield, Sussex, and Miss Doreen Burrows, the only daughter of Mr. R. A. Burrows and Mrs. Burrows of 160, Oakwood Court, Kensington; Mr. W. E. A. Bull, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bull of Putney, and Miss Moira Christian Irwin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irwin of Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

A March Wedding.

Some time in March the marriage will take place quietly in London between Mr. Thomas Fletcher Lumb, the only surviving son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkin Lumb of Whitehaven, Cumberland, and Miss Eveline Lepper, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Harrage Lepper of Bromley, Kent.



Lafayette

MISS PHYLLIS EVANS

The youngest daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Evans and Mrs. Evans of Johannesburg, South Africa, who is to marry Mr. Michael Cadwallader Adams of Lincoln's Inn, the youngest son of Mr. Alfred Adams of Lincoln's Inn, and Mrs. Adams

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Meetings of the executive and of the two sub-committees took place on January 11, Lady Howe and Lady Faudel-Phillips presiding over their respective committees. In the absence of Lady Kathleen Pilkington, who is in Ireland, and of Lady Wolverhampton, Lady Howe took the chair at the meeting of the executive. Various matters of interest were discussed and among other things it was decided that the entry fee at our Open Show should be 9s. for members and 10s. 6d. for others. It has been found impracticable to have the general meeting on the evening of the first day of Cruft's Show as was intended, as that would interfere with the arrangements for serving tea and dinner in the members' room; as this is one of the privileges members value most highly, it was decided to have the meeting at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day as usual. It is earnestly hoped that members will make a point of attending the general meeting; also voting for the committee. All members should vote for the interest in the governing body of their association.



MARLENE OF KINSBOURNE

The property of Mrs. Robinson



POM PUPPIES

The property of Miss Little

the committee and show an

Mrs. Heywood is one of the admirers of the Japanese spaniels; she owns a very good specimen in Toki Hooli, whose picture she sends. Mrs. Heywood is placing Toki Hooli at stud, and as she lives at Chorlton-cum-Hardy he should be of great assistance to breeders of Japs in the North. Japs are charming little dogs, with most attractively amusing ways, and, like all Oriental spaniels, are full of character. Mrs. Heywood will send full particulars of Toki's pedigree to any enquirers.

people is such that there are classes for him at most shows, and in addition there is the chance of having him trained to his legitimate work and running him at field trials. Mrs. Robinson has a well-known kennel of this breed, and sends us a picture of one she has for disposal. Marlene of Kinsbourne has done very well at shows, winning first the first time out, since when she has been a winner every time shown. Her little brother, Sandy McNab, is also for disposal. He has been shown only twice and has won a first. Mrs. Robinson says: "Both are very fine puppies, fine long heads, good born, good coats, and dark eyes. They would serve the triple purpose of shows, field, or breeding, as they are well bred." Mrs. Robinson also has some younger puppies for sale, dogs, born in July. She would send full particulars of pedigrees, etc., to any enquirer.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Among all well-bred animals of all descriptions, none is more attractive than a toy pom. A really good small pom is the perfection of balance and movement, and of "much in a small space." They are also highly intelligent, and not at all delicate, so have much to recommend them. Miss Little's poms are well known to all exhibitors. She does not keep many, and all are under her personal supervision, which makes a lot of difference. She sends a picture of two puppies, which are for sale; both are as well-bred as possible, and will be moderate to good homes. All Miss Little's dogs are of the best breeding, and, as can be seen, these two are most typical little things.

The Irish setter is one of those fortunate breeds which serve a triple purpose. He makes the most delightful and handsome companion, his popularity among show



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WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG: MISS PAT SHACKLE AND MISS DIANA BATTYE

Two pretty "sub-debs." Miss Battye is to be presented this season. Her father was in the Welsh Guards, and her mother is a very keen air-woman. Miss Shackle's mother goes very well with the H.B.D.H.

Someone who desires for specified reasons to remain anonymous has sent me a very interesting cutting from "Le Petit Provençal," a Marseilles paper, and it is of an article headed "La Menace." The correspondent has sub-headed it "Le Rêve de Sabretache," meaning thereby to refer to the facts of a dream which I managed to remember and set down after I woke up before they had managed to melt into thin air. Some people read that note, obviously, and many, I am quite sure, did not, because people hate reading anything that is uncomfortable. This dream was definitely of that order, because it was of the destruction of London and its inhabitants by a modern attack from the air; not just the things to which we grew almost indifferent during the War, but something on the scale of a couple of thousand of planes of all descriptions—fighters, bombers, and gas bomb droppers, and it was most unpleasantly realistic. It was not a fake dream; the facts were set down exactly as they passed in succession during that nightmare, and my correspondent suggests that that dream has inspired this article "La Menace" in "Le Petit Provençal." This is possible. Anyway I think this passage from that article may arrest the attention of, at any rate, Captain

PICTURES IN THE FIRE—cont. from p. 158

Liddell Hart, who has been so busy cross-examining various distinguished persons—sailors, airmen, and chemical warfare experts. Here it is:

La défense des villes? Bien malaisée. Les zones lointaines de l'arrière ne verront pas arriver les bombardières qui ne navigueront plus à 3,000 m., comme en 1918, mais à 5,000 et 6,000, hors de la portée des canons anti-aériens et des projecteurs. Et comment protéger les habitants? Par des masques? Il faudrait en stocker dix millions, qui six mois après leur fabrication seront sans valeur, parce qu'on aura découvert un nouveau poison gazeux. Certains de ces poisons imprègnent le sol, les murs (comme déjà l'hypermite en 1918), pendent trois ou quatre jours. Alors il faudrait d'autres rues, d'autres murs, et des sous-sols aménagés pour une existence hermétique comme dans le ventre d'un sous-marin. Il faudrait reconstruire les villes! . . .

I do not know how it is proposed to "reconstruct" so that people can live in poison gas or in masks for three or four days! I think M. Edmond Blanc, who writes this article, is a bit of an optimist if he thinks the gas will last only three or four days. He jeers at the idea of the Geneva Convention being able to prevent chemical warfare of any description. He is quite right. Everyone will fight tooth and nail and it will be an all-in

and very dreadful and unsportsmanlike contest, and the quicker everyone in the world realizes exactly what is going to happen the nearer shall we be to immunity from modern war. And yet, of course, fear of the consequences has never yet stopped war, and even the Seven Years' War did not sicken people of it for ever. Everyone, however, is going to find out how extremely uncomfortable it can be—next time. The people in the line will only get a bit of it!

This engaging M. Blanc, who takes such a black view of things—and of course he is quite justified—regards Russia's large expenditure upon munitions for chemical warfare from the air as having only one end in view. A blind man naturally could see that, and even



IN THE GARTH COUNTRY: LADY CLAYTON EAST

A recent snap of the fortunate owner of Hall Place, Maidenhead, one of the loveliest Queen Anne houses in England. Sir Robert Clayton East, who is twenty-three, is Lady Clayton East's son, and the ninth Baronet of Morden



THREE OF "THE BANDITS" AT BRAEMAR

The fourth "Bandit," Miss Dodo Annesley, is in bed with influenza. "The Bandits" is the nom de guerre of the band which is engaged for the winter season at the Fife Arms, Braemar. They are: Miss Dorea Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's niece; Miss Sheila Annesley, the second of the three Annesley sisters (the eldest is Mrs. Nigel Norman, wife of Sir Henry Norman's eldest son), and Miss Leatham, the Captain of the Yorkshire Ladies Golf Team

some people who bore their Creator to tears on Sunday and their fellow-men for the rest of the week are as convinced as is M. Blanc that the Russian menace is a certainty. In the space of one year Russia voted 15,000,000 roubles for chemical warfare. It is, therefore, quite justifiable for people who have no technical knowledge of warfare to talk about a coming reincarnation of Genghiz Khan—the "a" is long and not short—and Timur the Tartar, called by some Tamerlane. There is another thing which no one seems to have dared to mention, not even that astute *compère* of these various naval, aerial, and poison gas revues, Captain Liddell Hart—and it is this: that an aerial attack could be launched by any European country upon any nerve centre of any neighbour with whom it happened to be cross in very little under an hour. In three hours' time the preliminary aerial operation would be over and all the damage done.

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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1931

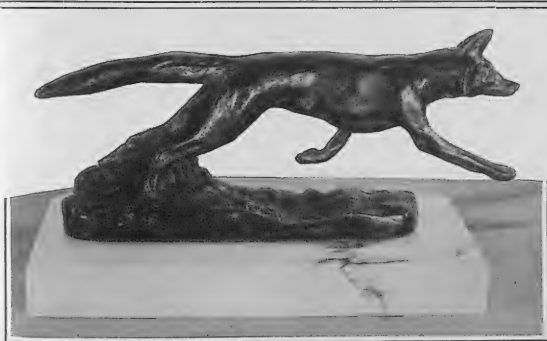
LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital...	...	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) £359,158,995	...	361,952,395
Balances due to Affiliated Companies 2,793,400	...	9,148,354
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	...	10,073,925
Engagements	

ASSETS

Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	...	38,505,989
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	...	15,205,876
Money at Call & Short Notice	...	16,129,800
Investments at or under Market Value	...	42,190,262
Bills Discounted	...	57,132,250
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	...	197,637,464
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd.:-		
Loans on behalf of Clients	...	248,392
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.-Government of Northern Ireland Call Loan	...	1,800,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	...	19,222,279
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	...	9,584,861
Other Properties and work in Progress for extension of the business	...	1,221,452
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	...	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	...	1,543,356
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	...	2,990,462
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	...	2,373,191
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	...	387,052

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Companies operate 2550 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2



"CHARLES"

Bronze by

T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price 6½ gns.; on plain marble plinth, 6 gns.

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at The Sporting Gallery, where an extensive display of the work of many artists can be seen.

Recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and other Sporting Artists are always on view.

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couldn't I do to a
lager!



BARCLAY'S LAGER

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Air Club Progress.

PROGRESS may be either noisy or silent, and it is not always the noisy form that is the quicker. An example of silent progress, of a combination of *pianissimo* and *prestissimo* is afforded by the air club movement of 1931. With the aid of the secretaries of a number of flying and gliding clubs and of a certain helpful and efficient department of the Air Ministry, I have gathered together for TATLER readers some statistics of the air club movement during 1931. It will come as a surprise to many people to know that there are now 124 air clubs in this country, comprising thirty-eight flying and eighty-six gliding clubs.

Their total membership amounts to about 16,300, while the membership of the flying clubs alone is about 11,700. Many of the members are non-flying members as they are inaccurately called. A non-flying member is one who does not aspire to a pilot's licence and who, therefore, often does more flying than two of the others put together—but as a passenger. Willing passengers are as necessary to a flying club as aeroplanes for, after the first solo, there is nothing that attracts the novice more than the first passenger.

I remember my first passenger well and I suppose every other pilot does. I look upon him now as a heroic being; but then he seemed merely a minister to my pleasure, the pleasure to be derived from demonstrating beyond question that I could fly. An Air Ministry licence is nothing; it does not constitute proof of the ability to handle an aeroplane. But a passenger, taken up and then landed again safely, is living proof of competence, even if fortuitous and transitory. My first passenger was killed in an aerial battle in 1916; but I remember him more accurately than many people I knew for much longer periods; I can even go back and see him again climbing into the front seat of a Gnome Avro and every movement is still clear.

So passengers are needed: people interested in flying and knowing something about it. And these the "non-flying" members often provide. But the proportion of flying to non-flying members is fairly high, being in fact, in the region of 50 per cent. In the twenty-one subsidized flying clubs 3,312 are flying members out of a total of 6,537. It would, perhaps, be a breach of modesty to emphasize that it was during 1931 that THE TATLER launched its free flying scholarship scheme and that that may have had something to do with the swift rise in membership numbers.

Gliding Goes Ahead.

GLIDING has shown no spectacular progress in number of clubs or number of members; indeed both figures show a fall. But the clubs now existing are serious clubs, and the 4,500 members are nearly all seriously interested in gliding and soaring.

Progress is recorded in the number of flying schools in the country. There are now seventeen. And during the year 892 "A" licences were obtained, 104 "B" licences, and 53 navigators' licences. These are the total figures, and include the training done at the clubs. In only one direction do I see any ground for complaint, and that is in the total number of civil aircraft registered. At the end of 1931 the number was 900. This is far too small a number when the club membership is so high, and it shows that there is too great a check between the wish to fly and the fulfilment. I have often said that the first need is the liberalization of flying, the abolition of all rules and regulations not absolutely essential.

Flying Papers.

MANY of the light aeroplane clubs produce their own papers. Usually they appear monthly, and give the news of the club and contain contributions, both grave and gay, from members. Some of these papers are extraordinarily good; the "Elevator" of the Lancashire Club, "Wessex Airways" of the Bristol and Wessex Club, the "Sywell Windstocking" of the Northampton Club, and the "Mersey Air News" of the Liverpool and District Aero Club for examples. But now I hear that the "Mersey Air News" is to be discontinued. This paper has always been well produced and interesting to read, and it has usually incorporated one or two really humorous items; the most necessary items in this kind of paper and the most difficult to obtain. The humour of the "Mersey Air News" has reached the highest standards on many occasions. It is the greater pity, therefore, that this paper should have to be discontinued. One inclines to the belief that the members of the club were unaware how closely the paper was read by people in other parts of the country. In the last number there is an excellent contribution: "Shakespeare: Aviator," which contains quotations apt to aeronautics. Among them I select "On forced landings," "I have in quick determination thus set it down," and "This field shall hold me." On the woman pilot making a multitudinous landing, "I saw her once hop forty paces"; and, lastly, a question to Captain Lamplugh, as he surveys a write-off, "What's thy interest in this sad wreck?" It is a great pity that the "Mersey Air News" should have to go the way of so many papers at this particular moment when aeronautical propaganda is more than ever necessary.

This is great fun—

"Jack, I'm amazed! You didn't tell me it was anything like this!"

"My dear Joyce, I didn't know myself until Alec told me about it at the Club the other night; he was full of it."

"Well, I can honestly say I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. I love the racing—it's thrilling—and everything's so nice, including the crowd."

"Come again next week?"

"Rather! I'd like to make it a habit!"



Miss GILLY FLOWER

the beautiful young actress appearing in "The Millionaire Kid" at the Prince Edward Theatre, London, writes:

"I was on the recommendation of my friend Stanley Lupino that I first took Phosferine—and how much I needed it! Apart from the natural anxiety of winning public favour, stage work is always strenuous and exacting, as we have to constrain our emotions and activities not as we ourselves feel, but as the character impersonated would. The strain is intensified, especially in the more active musical comedy, during hot, sultry weather, and it becomes physically exhausting to keep on the go for successive warm nights to crowded houses. For such lassitude and fatigue I have found Phosferine an infallible remedy. A few drops before or during the performance banishes all feeling of limpness and nervousness, and a dose last thing invariably quietsens the nerves and ensures a restful night's sleep. All women workers will find, as I do, that the splendid invigorating effect of Phosferine gives one that admired fresh and youthful complexion, and also enough vitality to enjoy recreations."

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"So sorry, but I think I won't come down to-night—I'm always like this after a long run in the car."

"But my dear, so was I till we fitted Float-on-Air cushions."

"Do you mean to say they make all that difference?"

"Of course I do, 200 miles has no effect on me now."

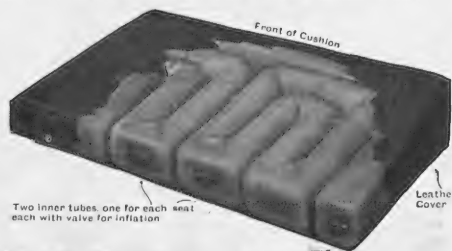
"But why are not all cars fitted?"

"I simply can't think—All the 'Record' men use them, Malcolm Campbell, Kaye Don, Wizard Smith, Henry Birkin, besides flying and speed boat pilots. And they are just as important for touring."

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor appeal for an old man who cannot possibly live much longer; he is suffering from acute diabetes and heart trouble. The doctor is amazed that he is still alive. He was an engine-driver for over twenty-five



THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA AT HOUBIGANT'S PERFUME FACTORY IN PARIS

The Crown Prince of Ethiopia, who left London for Paris, is bent upon seeing as much of everything before he returns to his own country. His visit to Houbigant's famous factory at Neuilly must have been one of his pleasantest experiences. It is bound to be a fragrant memory

years, with a good record. When too old to work he made his home in one room near his only living relative, a married daughter. She is devoted to her father and does all she can, but finds it difficult to help him financially, as her husband is apt to resent her interest in the old man. She confided that she had pawned her husband's watch and chain, in order to buy her father extra food, and that she has not yet told her husband. The Friends of the Poor want to ensure the invalid 5s. a week for coal, special food, and comforts over this winter.

valid 5s. a week for coal, special food, and comforts over this winter. £6 is required.

Among the high-class properties developed in London in the last year or so, Berkeley Court, Baker Street, with its 128 large flats occupies first place. This beautiful, nine-storied structure, the creation of Mr. Martin W. Harvey, the well-known property owner, with its acre roof garden, from which extensive views of London can be obtained, now houses many leading figures of Society, politics, and business, who find its central position and unusual amenities of great service. Some of the larger flats, spacious suites with six bed and dressing-rooms, three bathrooms and vestibule, kitchen, and pantry, are now available for occupation. The rental is inclusive, while electricity is supplied for all

purposes at the especially low rate of a halfpenny a unit. A feature of Berkeley Court, which is quite unique in this class of residence, is the patio or winter garden of immense size and beauty, which constitutes the entrance hall.

With their unrivalled range of orchestras of all types "His Master's Voice" have searched the world to provide records of the newest dances for the present season, and now offer a wide choice for service in the home or the ballroom. A splendid half-crown's worth of frolic is provided by Ambrose and his Orchestra dealing with "Eleven More Months and Ten More Days," which everyone is trying to sing. This jingle, with its musical comicalities, vocal refrain of snatches of songs and jokes of the gaol-bird, makes an irresistible one-step. It was inevitable that there should be "More Rhymes," and the edition up-to-date is supplied by Ambrose, whose men carry on the craze for cute limerick lines; in fact the wording is so smart that dancers will be apt to pause in their paces to listen. Another Ambrose, "Carry On," is not only a fine one-step, but the phrasing of the vocal refrain is a tonic message to make worries fade away. Invented, composed, and written by members of the staff of the Gramophone Company, and played by Ray Noble's New Mayfair Orchestra, "Resolutions for 1932" is a cheery fox-trot, with humorous verses on one's conduct during the coming months. On the other side of the disc Ray Noble has a genuine goer with a fox-trot, "Running Round the Trees," a sprightly air which inspires listeners to vigorous exercise.

The inimitable Paul Whiteman brings his orchestra back to "His Master's Voice" with a very effective reading of "A Faded Summer Flower"; a partner to this is another alluring fox-trot, "Let's Drift Away on Dreamer's Bay," played by Bert Low and his Hotel Biltmore Band. That renowned Swedish conductor, Teddy Petersen, makes his British debut with his orchestra in a most melodious one-step, "Rio de Janeiro," a really excellent record this. Three other desirable fox-trots come from *The Troubadours*.



MISS DORIS YORKE

The beautiful young B.B.C. and musical comedy artiste, who is singing in *Ciro's* new cabaret ("Memories of Yore"), a show with old-time songs

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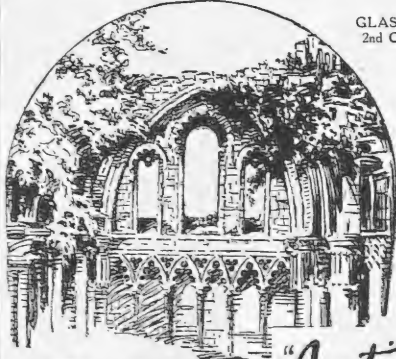


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Old Adage.

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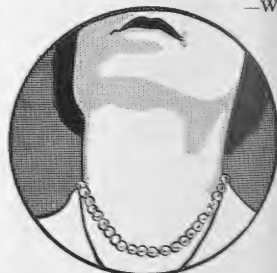
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STORIES

YOU CAN'T HELP
READING . . .

"In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .

At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.

"What's she slowed down for, Third?" he asked anxiously. "In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."

"Nothing wrong with us, sir," answered the Third Officer, "but there's a dismasted barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me . . ."

"Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. "Who is she?"

You'll keep on reading when once you start "SALVAGE," a drama of the sea, by P. C. Wren—author of "Beau Geste."



PICTURES
you can't
help
studying

In "THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS" . . . threatening the fur trade, Canada's oldest industry, and the natives of the far North, with over-exploitation and too much white "culture."
By Philip H. Godsell.

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"BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles

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"IT'S A WISE CHILD . . ." by G. B. Stern

"BEHIND THE SILVER SCREEN" by Margaret Chute

"AIREDALE" by Charles J. McGuirk

"THE ANONYMOUS SUPER-MEN OF THE AIR" by Joan Woolcombe

"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" by Shaw Desmond

QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO: "THE STORY OF

MARY READ" by F. Matania, R.I.

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE

THEATRE" by Hammen Swaffer

"EXIT THE COMIC TRAMP—ENTER THE COMIC

KING!" by Sydney Tremayne

"NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES" by Winifred Lewis

"BOOKS AS DECORATION" by Derek Patmore

A GOING-OUT SET FOR BABY

A SMART HAT AND CRAVAT SCARF

"THE LAST DOOR TO THE ARCTIC OPENS"

by Philip H. Godsell

"YELLOW WOMEN AND BLOND MEN"

by Mollie Panter-Downes

BOOKS: reviewed by Arnold Palmer

ODDS AND ENDS OF IMPORTANCE

THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS

FASHION

WHAT I BOUGHT THIS MONTH

"THE BUFFET SUPPER" by Kathleen K. Bowker

THE MOTORING SECTION conducted by the Earl of Cardigan

In "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO," by F. Matania, R.I. The story of Mary Read; soldier, pirate, wife and lover.



You'll know better what a **NEW STYLE**
MAGAZINE means when you have
seen the **FEBRUARY** issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

MORE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT EACH MONTH—TO MAKE SURE, PLACE A REGULAR ORDER

TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE EYES

Sporting Spectacles.

In the past many people have had to abandon their favourite sport as it has been necessary for them to wear glasses, the rims of which have interfered with their vision. It is only those who have experienced this who can realise just what it means. To have to abandon a hobby is something that no one likes to do, no matter how philosophic he or she may be. Thanks to Hamblin this need not be done in future.

Enlarging the Field of Vision.

A keen sportsman, whose sight has become somewhat faulty, writing in *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, says: "Ordinary spectacles often do not afford a large enough field of vision for sports. For instance, in shooting, where the wearer has to look up, the limit of an ordinary frame often coincides with just the particular line of sight required. In golf the same thing occurs at the lower edge of ordinary spectacles, when the wearer addresses the ball, for instance, while for motoring a very large field of vision is required. Hamblin's sporting spectacles are designed for all sports, and as the lens employed are made of 'Splintanil' (their splinter-proof glass) the risk of glass splinters in the eye is practically non-existent." By the way, the shape of the lenses, roughly triangular, gives an altogether exceptionally wide field of vision.



Not only for women but also for men have Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street, created their sporting spectacles; they are designed to afford the greatest possible field of vision. The lenses are of "Splintanil" (Hamblin's splinter-proof glass)

Spectettes or Folding Spectacles.

No one likes to be cumbered with a large spectacle-case, no matter how decorative it may be, as it takes up so much room in the pochette. Therefore it is not a matter for surprise that Hamblin's spectettes have met with an enthusiastic welcome. They are really folding spectacles, accompanied by oblong cases, which measure about two inches; they may be slightly more at the widest part—in other words they do not occupy more space than a watch. When the spectettes are open for use they are full-sized spectacles, conforming with all the requirements of the ophthalmic surgeon. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the firm of Theodore Hamblin are makers of spectacles to surgeons' prescriptions only.

Spectettes for the Evening.

On account of their extreme portability spectettes as reading glasses or bifocals are a boon for evening use. Although suitable cases are supplied there are various attractive and more decorative ones in gold, silver, and enamel. There are cases in various colours in shagreen and galuchat, in crocodile, lizard skin, seal, and various coloured leathers, in genuine Japanese lacquer, and many other materials. All interested in the subject must send their way to 15, Wigmore Street. They have a branch at 19, Royal Exchange, as well as in many of the important towns and cities in the United Kingdom.

pictures by
Blake



JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

Here is a gay pottery ornament for any hunting household by Geoffrey Sparrow. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches. The milestone is hollow and holds matches.

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- "The Favourite Wins."
- "Very Well Meant."
- "The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Mortiz."
- "The Man who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews."
- "The Umpire who Confessed He Wasn't Looking."
- "Behind the Scenes at Wellington Barracks."
- "The Man who Lit his Cigar before the Royal Toast."
- "The Man who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's."
- "The Croupiers who Showed Signs of Emotion," etc., etc.

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